The Outlook

Volume 84 Saturday, October 27, 1906 Number 9

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The fourth issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of The Outlook discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1906

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The New York Central Convicted

Last week the Criminal Branch of the United States Circuit Court, sitting at New York City, found the New York Central Railroad Company and its traffic manager guilty of giving unlawful rebates. In the spring of 1904 certain Detroit dealers had received a consignment of ten thousand barrels of sugar by water from the seaboard, at the rate of thirteen cents per hundredweight. The dealers threatened to get all their sugar that way. In order to hold their trade, the American Sugar Refining Company compelled the railway to allow an inducement of a rebate as an additional advantage to a quick haul as compared with the slower water haul. Instead of the railway rate of twenty-three cents a hundredweight, as filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission, an agreement was made with the Sugar Trust by which the regular rate would be paid and a rebate of five cents refunded. Counsel for the defense moved to dismiss the complaint, first, on the ground that there was a misjoinder of the corporation and employee in the indictment for the same offense; in other words, that a railway company should not be brought to trial for the alleged crimes of its agents when not authorized by it to commit these crimes, it being affirmed that there is no principle of criminal law by which a principal can be held liable for a crime committed by his agent unless the principal is an actual participant in the crime; secondly, it was held that the Elkins Law is unconstitutional in discriminating against the railways by allowing a competing water route to carry sugar at about half the rate charged by the railway. The Government counsel claimed, on the other hand, that the Elkins Law plainly made the illegal act of an agent of a corporation the act of the corporation itself, and, indeed, was specially framed to this end. The Government counsel showed that the system of giving rebates must have been known to the corporation; the fact that records had been destroyed might be taken as showing "intent" by the defense. When the railways' audit accounts were destroyed every three months, evidently no trace of the transaction was left. The corporations forgot, however, that the Government could subpœna the banks to produce the tell-tale drafts. The conviction by a jury marks the successful completion of the first prosecution of either a corporation or an individual, for an infraction of the Elkins Law, ever instituted in the Federal Courts of this particular district. In fining the railway company $108,000 (almost the maximum penalty of the law) and its traffic manager $6,000, Judge Holt used the following significant language:

> Such a violation of law is much more heinous than the ordinary common vulgar crimes usually brought before the criminal courts. Those are crimes of sudden passion and temptation. These crimes we are dealing with were committed by men of education, business experience, and standing in the community, and as such they should be expected to set an example of obedience to the law, on the maintenance of which the security of their property depends.

❀

The Standard Oil Company Convicted

Last week a county court at Findlay, Ohio, convicted the Standard Oil Company of Ohio of conspiracy in restraint of trade. The prosecution told the jury that there never had been an actual cessation of the Standard Oil Trust of 1882, as shown by the evidence, although the form of the organization had been changed by

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the introduction of subsidiary companies, each one dependent on the other. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey now owns these subsidiary companies, and Messrs. John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Flagler, Archbold, and Rogers, among the nine original trustees in the trust, are the heads of the companies. The defense made its main point that, even if the evidence showed the so-called subsidiary companies to be owned by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, it did not show the Standard Oil Company of Ohio to be so owned. In his charge to the jury Judge Banker said that if the defendant company was a member of the combination, then the acts of the combination were to be regarded as the defendant's acts, and that the verdict should be "guilty" if the officers and stockholders of the defendant were or had been officers and stockholders controlling the policies of other corporations found to have been members of the combination. The jury so found them, and brought in a verdict of guilty against the defendant in violation of the Valentine Anti-Trust Law of Ohio. The penalty is a fine of from fifty dollars to five thousand dollars, which may be repeated for each day of the offense, or imprisonment of from six to twelve months. The company has given notice that it will file a motion for a new trial, which, before final adjudication, may pass through three Ohio courts—the Court of Common Pleas, the Circuit Court, and the Supreme Court of Ohio. Ultimately it may come before the United States Supreme Court.

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The War Against the Trusts

"This is the beginning of the end of the trusts in the United States!" exclaimed one of the lawyers for the prosecution during the trial. It may well be, if by trust we mean any corporation which not only controls more than half of its special trade, but by such control is able to dictate prices and terms. The mere size of a corporation should not determine its standing. The test should be, as in the case of the Standard Oil, whether it publishes its accounts, whether it treats its competitors fairly, above all, whether it obeys the law. As to the last, an extremely interesting circumstance was developed during the trial as to a possible evasion of the law by corporations. In seeking to prove the connection of the subsidiary companies with the trust, the prosecution called attention to a certain Manhattan Oil Company which succeeded to the Ohio Oil Company, the main business of which was the piping of crude petroleum. The company bought oil and piped it to refineries where it was sold to the Standard Oil Company. The Manhattan Company bought oil from independent oil companies in a district where there was no competition, at a certain price, and in another where there was competition, at a higher price, but sold all the oil at the same rate to the Standard. Under the Ohio law a man can be compelled to testify even though his evidence should incriminate himself, provided he himself is given immunity from prosecution, and the president of the Manhattan Company did testify that five shares of its stock, out of the total of fifteen hundred, were held in Ohio, but that the remaining shares were held by the General Industrial Development Syndicate, Limited, of London, England. May not other large corporations seek similar refuge from prosecution? Yet can an American corporation escape liability under the law because its stock control is nominally in the hands of a holding company abroad? At all events, the verdicts in the Standard Oil case, as in the New York Central case, both reached in the same week, mark a new era in the people's war against those corporations which defy the law of the land.

❀

Confusion in the New York Situation

As the campaign progresses in New York State, friction between the Hearst organization and the Democratic organization, nominally in alliance, is increasing. In some portions of the State, leaders in the Independence League, which owes its origin to Mr. Hearst, have withdrawn from the organization. In Kings County, State Senator McCarren, the Democratic boss, has come out openly as a political enemy

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of the Democratic candidate whom he is nominally supporting. Even Mr. Murphy has been irritated into indiscreet charges of blackmail against leaders of the Independence League—charges which are now being investigated by the Grand Jury. Members of the Municipal Ownership League and certain labor union leaders with political ambitions have been accusing Mr. Hearst with betrayal of faith. The Independence League itself, which is nominally a popular body but is really an incorporated concern under the complete legal domination of Mr. Hearst's personal managers and employees, has made its nominations for local tickets sometimes with and sometimes without Democratic aid. The judiciary ticket in New York County indorsed by Mr. Hearst is practically the spoils of Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany boss. In spite of Mr. Hearst's protestations against the influence of "corporation attorneys" in the courts, the ticket which he himself has indorsed contains the names of men who have had corporation connections. One of them is the brother of the head of the Theatrical Trust. Another is a violent partisan of Mr. Hearst, and if chosen would be eligible to sit on the cases which are pending against Mr. Hearst in connection with his newspapers and in particular in damage suits amounting to two or three millions of dollars. The scandal of the partnership between Mr. Murphy and Mr. Hearst in the nomination of the judiciary ticket is one which no partisan of either has seriously endeavored to explain away. Opposed to this ticket is one suggested by a large committee of the New York Bar, nominated by petition, and indorsed with but one exception by the Republican party. The real political freedom of the voters of New York City will largely be tested by the fate of this ticket on election day.

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Campaign Discussion in New York

The two candidates for Governor in the State of New York have been touring the State. Each one has had his share of enthusiastic and apathetic audiences. There is evidence, however, that the effectiveness of the campaign speaking this year cannot be judged by cheers and applause. The most vigorous partisans on each side show their partisanship less by vociferous enthusiasm than by grim and silent earnestness. Although the Republican candidate represents the party in power and the Democratic candidate would naturally be expected to take an aggressive attitude, Mr. Hughes has succeeded in putting Mr. Hearst on the defensive. In speech after speech Mr. Hughes laid bare the corporation methods by which Mr. Hearst had escaped liability for damages caused by his newspapers and evaded the payment of taxes on his newspaper properties. At last Mr. Hearst and Mr. Shearn, his personal and corporation attorney, found it impolitic longer to keep silence under Mr. Hughes's attack. The upshot of their defense is this: That by incorporating his newspapers Mr. Hearst made legal service against him and his newspapers easier rather than more difficult, for in serving a corporation one needs simply to hand the legal papers to an officer or director of the corporation or even over the counter to a cashier; and that the Hearst newspapers were incorporated because "unless this was done Mr. Hearst would lose his Associated Press franchise." With regard to the former statement it has been proved in court, as Mr. Hughes has shown, that the service of legal papers against Mr. Hearst and his corporation has been attended with the utmost difficulty, because even at the Hearst newspaper offices it has been denied that any officer or employee of the publishing corporation was to be found there. As to the second statement, it has been explicitly denied that any by-law or rule of the Associated Press exists making any such incorporation as that of the Hearst newspapers necessary. Moreover, as Mr. Hughes points out, no answer has been given to the question why Mr. Hearst's newspapers refuse to pay their just share of taxes. In the meantime Mr. Hearst and his papers continue in a course of misrepresentation and falsehood which would be fatal if many of the readers of those papers read any others.

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The Aggressive Mood of the English Labor Party

It is over nine months since the general election took place in England, but as yet, although there have been about the average number of by-elections, the Liberal Government has lost only one seat. This loss was in the Cockermouth division, where there was a vacancy owing to the death of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and was entirely due to the action of that group of the Labor party which is led by Mr. Keir Hardie. Mining and manufacture of pig iron are large industries in the Cockermouth division, and when the vacancy occurred the Independent Labor party announced that it was its intention to nominate a candidate. At Liberal headquarters in London, Cockermouth is not regarded as a Labor seat, or as one on which the Independent Labor party has established any claim. Accordingly, Mr. Ivor Guest, eldest son of a Welsh ironmaster, who was elevated to the peerage as Baron Wimborne, was sent to Cockermouth as the official Liberal candidate. The Independent Labor party, however, persisted with the candidature of Mr. Robert Smillie, who is Secretary of the Scotch Miners' Federation. The result was that the seat fell to the Conservatives—the first success that they have achieved since the landslide in January. Since the by-election there has been much acrimonious controversy over the action of the Labor party; and by Liberals such as the Master of Elibank—Mr. A. D. Murray—who is one of the Government whips, the Liberal party has been urged to come out in opposition to the Socialism of the Independent Labor party, and exhorted to stand on its own feet or it will fall between two stools and disappear as an active force in British politics. The answer of the Independent Labor party is significant. It is that the struggle with the Liberal party, as exemplified in the Cockermouth election, has only just begun, and that there is to be no truce. The action of the Independent Labor party is in line with the policy on which it went into the general election, and, keeping in mind the fact that Mr. Keir Hardie's aim is similar to that of Parnell from 1880 onward—to create a party in the House which shall be allied neither to the Liberals nor to the Tories—it is not surprising that he is bent on taking the offensive at the by-elections.

❀

Widespread Labor Unrest in England

It is necessary to go back to 1893–4, when there were widespread strikes among the cotton-mill workpeople and the miners in England, for a period when industrial unrest was so prevalent as it is in these autumn months of 1906. Then the strikes were against reductions in wages due to general depression in trade. To-day trade is as buoyant in England as it is in the United States and Canada, and all the unrest centers around movements on the part of the trade unions for a shorter working week or for an advance in wages—in some instances, as in the cases of the engineers and the railway employees, for both. Successes in this widespread movement have already been achieved. The London printers have come to an agreement with the London Society of Compositors—the oldest and best-organized trade union in England—by which overtime, which had heretofore been excessive at some seasons of the year, must not exceed six hours a week. The compositors and linotype operators in the Provinces, in particular those of Manchester and Leeds, encouraged by this London success, are agitating for a wage increase of two shillings a week; and as they are nearly as well organized as the London men, it is probable that the employing printers will concede their demands. In the ship-yards on the Clyde, at the time of writing, over six thousand members of the Boilermakers' Society are out on strike for an advance in wages; and as the ship-builders have refused to submit the question to arbitration, and as the Boilermakers' Society is now well in funds, the difficulty seems likely to be of long duration, and may at any time spread to other ship-building districts. In the North of England the engineers are agitating for an advance of two shillings a week in wages; and coupled with this agitation, which for the present centers about Manchester, there is a growing feeling among the members of the Soci-

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ety of Amalgamated Engineers all over England that the time has arrived when a movement should be made for a shorter working week.

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The Eight-Hour Day

The present working week of fifty-four hours was secured for the whole of the engineering industry by a great strike which took place at Newcastle and on Tyneside as far back as 1871. In the intervening thirty-five years the Society of Engineers and the employers have been in disputes over wages, apprentices, and the use of newly invented labor-saving machinery, but the length of the working day has never been an issue. In the last ten years, however, the compositors' and printers' unions and several unions in the building trades have secured an eight-hour day; and the present disposition of the leaders in the Society of Engineers, of which Mr. G. N. Barnes, Member of Parliament for the Blackfriars Division of Glasgow, is general secretary, is to assume the aggressive on this question while times are good and while all or nearly all the members of the union have steady work. On the Yorkshire coal-fields there is an agitation, which is approaching a crisis, for an increase in wages; but the most disturbing labor movement at present attracting public attention is that among the railway men. Thirty-five years ago the railway men secured a ten-hour day, with payment at extra rates for overtime. At the present time their agitation is for an eight-hour day, for an increase of wages equivalent to five per cent. for all grades of the operating service, and for extra payment for Sunday work. Since the last general agitation among railway men—that in 1871, whereby the ten-hour day was secured—trade unionism has extended enormously in the railway service. The employees of most of the great railways are members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, of which Mr. Richard Bell, Member of Parliament for Derby, is the President; and unless some compromise is reached, there is a probability that the railway service all over the country may soon be seriously crippled by a general strike. Even the employees of the Co-operative Societies—the retail trading societies which are so strong and do such an enormous distributing business among the more thrifty of the working classes in the Midlands and the North of England—are affected by the unrest. Their movement is for a minimum wage of twenty-four shillings a week. The prevailing industrial prosperity is primarily responsible for all these aggressive labor movements. It is obvious, however, that the great success of the labor movement at the general election last January has not been without its influence.

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French Cabinet Changes

The retirement of M. Sarrien from the French Premiership because of ill health will probably involve a serious change in the organization of that body. The retiring Premier is a man whose services entitle him to a vacation from responsibilities and labors which were evidently pressing too heavily. Although not so brilliant as many of his contemporaries, M. Sarrien has been conspicuous for moderation and sanity of judgment and honorable devotion to public affairs. It is regarded as certain that M. Clemenceau will be his successor, and there could hardly be a more striking contrast, for the new Premier is one of the most picturesque and striking personalities in French politics. For many years he made it his business to destroy Cabinets. Once a physician, later he went into politics, and became Mayor of Montmartre, and was counted for many years a Radical of the most pronounced type. As Mayor of Montmartre he was almost a Communist. Gambetta was much too conservative for him; Freycinet and Ferry did not satisfy him. With larger experience he has come to be a radical Liberal. Compared with his former position, his present attitude is almost conservative. His discussion with M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, definitely marked his separation from the Radical Socialistic party. His attitude during the labor troubles not only brought out his extraordinary diplomatic abilities, but his courage and decision in maintaining public order. The

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chief problem with which he will probably have to deal will be the relation of France to the Vatican, and the Cabinet under his direction will undoubtedly be as thoroughly committed to the enforcement of the Separation Law as was that of M. Sarrien. The new Premier has, however, great tact, and it is probable that he will do his utmost to allay irritation and find a common ground of understanding between the two parties to this bitter strife, and it is not likely that December 11, when the Separation Law becomes operative, will mark a sharp crisis in France.

❀

New Agricultural Conditions in Russia

On Friday of last week the Emperor of Russia issued one of the most notable decrees of his reign. First, it removes class restrictions regarding State employment; all persons are declared to be equal before the law. Second, peasants are released from the vexatious communal system and will be allowed to dwell where they please. Third, from January 1, 1907 (Russian style), the poll tax will be abolished. The second and third clauses of this decree will deservedly attract special attention. It has long been only too evident that emancipation did not make the Russian muzhiks or peasants equal with other citizens of the Empire. The muzhiks form nearly nine-tenths of the Russian population and are engaged in agriculture. They all belong to some mir, or village community. But the Russian mir has remained, as before the emancipation of the serfs, a world by itself; no intermixture of the communes with outsiders has been allowed. By a stroke of the pen the Emperor changes all this and inaugurates a welcome system of free residence, by which agriculturists from an overcrowded section may take advantage of a region less crowded, and may go from district to district in the interests of the harvesters. The abolition of the poll tax will be especially beneficial throughout the agricultural regions because, especially during the past decade, both cost of living and taxation have enormously increased, while at the same time the land has not yielded as much as was expected. Taxation has increased about fifty per cent. during recent years. Thirty years ago matters were bad enongh, when every dessiatine (2.7 acres) of land owned by the peasants owed the State about twenty cents in arrears; now it owes about three times as much. Pitiable has been the position of the peasants threatened by the usurers or village creditors, who have charged outrageous interest for loans. With the remission of the poll tax there should now be a lightening of the burden. Last week's decree, therefore, following closely on the opportunity given by the Government to the peasants to buy a very great acreage from the State reservations, shows the Emperor's desire to solve the agrarian problem. Unless we are much mistaken, however, his action will have to be yet more radical to check the actual revolution which exists in certain provinces.

❀

The King of Annam

Last week the French Government put an end to an intolerable condition of affairs in its protectorate of Annam, a country forming part of the great French possessions in southeastern Asia. The protectorate has existed for twenty years. Annamite functionaries, under French control, administer the internal affairs of the country, the area of which is something over fifty thousand square miles, with a population exceeding six millions. The King of Annam, Thanh-Thaï, has long been guilty of outrageous acts. Several years ago, owing to the scandal caused by his torture of several attendants, the French Resident, at the head of the gendarmerie, was compelled to enter the palace in order to save life and restore order. In August last the King was again seized with homicidal mania. In true Bluebeard style he ordered seven of his wives to be executed, looking on while they were tortured to death, and, so the horrible story goes, actually causing the body of one to be cooked and served up for dinner, obliging the members of his court to eat it under pain of death. A few days later the King shot down an aged prince, a member of his own council. Other subjects, men and women,

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were stripped naked and thrown into the cages of wild beasts, where they were devoured before the King. The French authorities have now made a prisoner of the monarch, who has been adjudged insane by Dr. Dumas, of the French colonial staff. The "Royal Guard" has been disbanded, the palace placed under the direction of a hundred and fifty native soldiers, and the terror-stricken inmates rescued from further suffering. The majority of the latter are women who bear the marks of revolting tortures. In the present stage of progress of the world generally, and especially of the Far East, towards civilization, such an account as the above seems almost incredible.

❀

The Mohonk Conference

At the Conference of Friends of the Indians and Other Dependent Peoples, held last week at Lake Mohonk, New York, one principle was taken for granted. It was that the United States, in dealing with any dependent race, must act, not for its own benefit, but for the benefit of its wards. In other words, the position of the United States was regarded as that of a trustee. Every course of action inconsistent with this principle was regarded as dishonorable. There was no argument on this subject. In this respect the people gathered there were clearly of one mind. For example, the one argument against the reduction of the tariff on Philippine sugar which had any weight was one based on this principle—it was offered by Judge Hatch, of Honolulu, to the effect that the reduction would not benefit the Filipinos themselves, and would injure Hawaii. If the Conference had a heraldic device, it might adopt for its motto, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." This spirit was expressed with virility by Dr. Andrew S. Draper, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, who presided. These are his words: "The Conference may well emphasize the fact that the United States cannot hope to gain any strength or any wealth from such possessions as these. They can bring us nothing but care, expense, and responsibility. If, in all good conscience, we do not know that we have a heavy task upon our hands, it would be better if we were out of it. If we do understand that, and if there is fiber in our character and substance in our profession, we cannot turn back." He admirably described the business of the Conference as being "to get at the truth and declare the attitudes which ought to be taken by the people and the Government of the United States towards those peoples who have become subject to the sovereignty of the Republic without being able to understand the spirit of it or bear a share of the burden of it." The determination not to shirk the problems presented by our dependencies, but to work them out to the end, Dr. Draper expressed with vigor:

> Inferior or subordinate peoples are anomalous under our political system. But there are some things we will not do. We will not cast them away because we cannot see the end. We will not, for a mess of pottage, trade them with some other nation which has no such outlook or mission as we have come to have in the world. Neither will we enter upon another experiment of enfranchising millions before they can, without danger to themselves and us, carry some part of the burden of governing the world. We will not give them independence until they can be independent. When that time comes, it is doubtful if they will want it, but if they do and their independence will not menace us, they should have it. . . . The business of the hour is to develop the industrial habits and the moral sense and the political wisdom of these people so that they may be safely admitted into our sovereignty, or may be able to exercise sovereignty and independence of their own. That we must do, or prove that it is impossible, or dishonor ourselves.

One of Dr. Draper's suggestions, that the schools of the dependencies be put under the Federal Bureau of Education, though not included in the platform of the Conference, had a favorable response; it is one which we think the United States ought to adopt. Dr. Draper's doubt as to the wisdom of introducing Protestant denominations into the Philippines was not generally shared by his hearers; to many, as to us, it seems altogether wholesome—even for the Roman Catholic Church itself—that the Filipinos be allowed the widest possible religious liberty, and that means the widest possible opportunity for real religious choice. The Conference was of one mind in the belief expressed with

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quiet humor by Dr. William Hayes Ward, who said, "It is very important that we should not assume that any race lacking in culture is not capable of being as decent as ourselves."

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Indians and Others

Once a Conference devoted wholly to the welfare of the Indians, the gathering at Lake Mohonk is now devoting only a portion of its time to these people. The policy in the administration of Indian affairs long advocated by the Conference has prevailed. The reservation system is gradually disappearing; the Indian is being trained for citizenship. No one expressed the spirit of the Conference more completely than Mr. Leupp, the Indian Commissioner. The Indian problems, therefore, which the Conference have now to consider are all problems of methods or details in carrying out a policy already determined. An important contribution was made by President Slocum, of Colorado College, in his report of religious conditions among the Indians. The report was adopted; it will be sent to various missionary organizations. The Committee which Dr. Slocum represented was continued, and further consideration was postponed until the next Conference. The need of wise and determined effort for the religious training of the Indians was made very clear in a number of addresses. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of Alaska, made an effective appeal for the maintenance of the schools for the natives and of the reindeer stations under the United States Bureau of Education, rather than under the Governor of the Territory as proposed by a bill introduced into Congress. The value of the reindeer as an instrument of civilization in Alaska is not as widely recognized as it ought to be. It supplies not only transportation and food, but is also the best possible means for industrial training. If the territorial government gets control of the reindeer and the native schools, it will augur ill for the Indians and Eskimos. A most interesting series of addresses was given by representatives of the Hawaiian Islands. Settled years before the Pacific Coast States, Hawaii is more capable than any other of our island possessions of working out its own destiny. Freedom from undue interference by Congress, especially in enacting laws appropriate enough for the mainland but inappropriate for the archipelago, and permission to use all the Federal funds derived from the islands for the use of the islands in administration and improvements, seem to be all that Hawaii now urgently requests. The sturdy self-reliance of the people of Hawaii, their courageous undertaking to solve a most complicated race problem, and their loyalty to American institutions, give special weight to their desires. The closing session of the Conference was devoted largely to Porto Rico. In the platform the Conference, among other matters, urged that Congress devote to the use of our detached territories and possessions the revenues derived by the Federal Government therefrom, after paying the cost of administration; that "the purpose of the Lacey Bill for the division of tribal funds into individual holdings be approved;" and that the Philippine tariff bill be passed by the Senate. The utmost faith in the American Republic can be justified when men and women, officials and private citizens, gather to discuss colonial problems and to guide Governmental action in the spirit that ruled last week at Lake Mohonk.

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Heroes and Heroism

One of the qualities of the hero of the first rank is modesty, and those who care most for heroism will be slow to turn the light of publicity upon it; but at a time when the unheroic fills so much space in the newspapers, with its sordid illustrations of greed, selfishness, cowardice, and meanness in every form, it is due to the public welfare that emphasis should be laid on that better and nobler side of human life which for the most part escapes public record. Last week sixteen awards of medals to as many persons were made out of the Carnegie Hero Fund. One of the most interesting modern instances of the heroic spirit and temper recognized in this distribution was that afforded by Mr. Rufus K. Combs, who will receive a silver medal

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and $1,500 in cash for his courage in saving the life of his political rival and bitter enemy. In April of the present year this rival went into a vault to inspect a gas-making machine and was overcome by the gas. The only way of rescuing him was through a small manhole at the top. Combs, fully appreciating the danger, plunged at once into the hole. Three times he brought up the unconscious form of his rival within reach of the people outside, and twice they let it fall. The third time they drew it out, and they also drew out Combs, who fell unconscious on the man he had rescued. Although the victim of a serious spinal trouble, he ran six hundred yards to the vault, at great risk to himself. It is significant of the great number of drowning accidents that nine of the sixteen awards were made for heroic action in saving persons who were drowning. One medal was awarded for rescue from a mine in which an explosion had taken place; and the children of Mrs. Sadie Crabbe, of Heathsville, Virginia, received a second thousand dollars as recognition of the courage of their mother, who, a white woman, lost her life in saving a colored boy who had fallen through the ice. The Commission reports that the Carnegie Fund expended $54,462 in connection with the San Francisco earthquake disaster. No medals have yet been given out, because the work of making the design has just been completed. The same design will be used in the three classes of metal—gold, silver, and bronze—which are to be of uniform size, three inches in diameter, and three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness; the face to bear the likeness of Mr. Carnegie and the date of the establishment of the Fund, and the reverse side the motto, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend!" The chief value of this Fund does not lie in the cost of the medals it bestows or of the money it awards, but in its exaltation of the great qualities of heroism and in its educational influence on the community. The names of the recipients of this Fund ought to be written on the blackboard of every school-house, and a brief account given of the actions on which the award is made in each case.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who died in her eightieth year in New York City on Wednesday of last week, after an illness of several days, had been for a long time past, in a quiet and womanly way, a public personage. She was many years the junior of her husband, and the daughter of a Mississippi planter whose family had been in this country since Colonial days, her grandfather having been one of Washington's intimate friends. Mrs. Davis came from a family devoted to Whig political principles, and the account she gave of Mr. Davis in a letter to her mother written just after she first met him is very interesting:

> He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and he has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion that offends me; yet he is most agreeable, and has a peculiarly sweet voice, and a winning manner of asserting himself. The fact is, he is the kind of person I should expect to rescue one from a mad dog at any risk, but to insist upon a stoical indifference to the fright afterward. I do not think I shall ever like him as I do his brother Joe. Would you believe it, he is refined and cultivated, and yet he is a Democrat!

Her marriage to Mr. Davis took place in 1844. During the ten years' service of Mr. Davis as Senator and four years' as Secretary of War in Mr. Pierce's Cabinet, Mrs. Davis was his active helper and a prominent woman in Washington society. During the Civil War, as mistress of the Executive Mansion at Richmond, she was not only a hospitable hostess and a very dignified head of an official family, but was indefatigable in devotion to public service in the way of organizing hospital work, taking her turn at nursing, and setting the example of cheerful courage under many depressions. She spent the second year of his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe with Mr. Davis, went abroad with him after his release in 1867, and returned in 1870 to make a home at Memphis, and later went to Beauvoir on the Mississippi coast. For a number of years past Mrs. Davis had spent a large part of her time in the North, and especially in New York City, where she had many friends. After the death of Mr. Davis in 1889, Mrs. Davis wrote her memoirs,

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which filled two large volumes. She also contributed occasionally to magazines and to newspapers. Her vigor of mind, cheerful spirit, and charming manners had given Mrs. Davis a place in the affections of a large group of friends, while her relations to the Confederacy gave her a representative character whenever she appeared (as she often did) at the festivities of Southern societies.

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Poet and Playwright

The divorce of literature and the stage has long been lamented by lovers of dramatic art. Great poets in our day, to be sure, have written plays which have been applauded, but in almost every instance, notably with Tennyson and almost equally so with Stephen Phillips, the play has been primarily a dramatic poem. It is an event of significance, therefore, when an American poet who stands in the front rank of our younger group of verse-writers, Mr. William Vaughn Moody, not only produces an acting play in prose, but avoids conventional tragedy and, in the main, poetic sentiment, and attempts to deal with a modern, American, passionately dramatic (one may almost but not quite say melodramatic) theme. And it is notable also, entirely apart from one's view of Mr. Moody's success or failure in working out his theme, that the play "The Great Divide," as presented at the Princess Theater in New York City, has taken an immediate and strong hold upon the public, and is evidently to have a long run before crowded houses; and that, too, one may add, despite the wretchedly inadequate announcements by the management, which, as they appear in the New York papers, not only omit the author's name, here of prime importance, but do not even tell where the theater is situated—the last omission a vexatious and short-sighted bit of managerial economy only too common. There is no question as to the forcefulness of the terribly cruel situation about which Mr. Moody's play centers; neither is there doubt of his intention to treat this theme seriously and with ethical purpose; there is great doubt whether this last intention is carried out clearly or consistently. Briefly stated, the woman whose anguish is pitilessly laid before the audience is attacked in a lonely Arizona cabin by three drunken and passion-inflamed brutes, and buys her honor from the least beastly of the three by promising to marry him immediately and live with him faithfully as his wife. The compact is carried out. What one expects to follow, and what may seem to be Mr. Moody's real purpose, is the gradual change of the husband's moral nature and character through the sight of his wife's suffering, distress, and degradation, through remorse, and through the growth of an ennobled love in his own heart. But what really does take place is an almost instantaneous transformation which is no more convincing than is the first presentment of the man as an unutterably vile and despicable villain. In fact, from beginning to end, in the present writer's judgment of the play as it actually affects the hearer, the man is a moral and psychological impossibility. Hardly more credible is the final discovery by the wife (a part acted with sincerity and emotional power by Margaret Anglin) that she not only does love but has unconsciously long loved her husband. It is not at all improbable that as originally written Mr. Moody's play may have worked out its tense problems more subtly and more consistently than in the stage version, probably condensed for practical reasons; and one even wishes also that he could have had the larger scope and opportunity offered by the novel to develop his thesis. As it is, the hearer recognizes in the play vigor, audacity, and originality; quite exonerates the playwright from unworthy appeal by the use of an almost unspeakably horrible situation; but fails to find precision of purpose or reasonable evolution of character out of passion.

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The Mission of "Gypsy" Smith

The evangelist whose preaching induced the Rev. W. J. Dawson to leave his pleasant London parish and devote himself to evangelistic work has this year been induced by an undenominational committee to undertake a preaching tour for five months in the

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United States. Mr. Rodney Smith, popularly known in England, and therefore here, as "Gypsy" Smith, is recognized by the federated Free Churches of England as their evangelist-in-chief. His sobriquet picturesquely designates his origin—the child of Gypsy parents, born in a tent, and roving the country with the tribe till he was seventeen years old, when he fell under the influence of Mr. Ira D. Sankey. He at once followed the lead of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, into the squalor of East London slums. There and elsewhere among the lowly he served his apprenticeship for many years, educating himself meanwhile on the basis of four weeks' acquisitions in a Cambridge school, steadily winning respect, esteem, and public confidence, and by his success with the multitudes attracting professional preachers to learn the secret of his power. It is very simple—not a theology or a doctrinal formula, but a genuine sense of personal experience with a Great Companion and Captain. With the varying theologies grouped about this he does not concern himself. With this experience he appeals straight to the conscience and the heart, as Mr. Moody did. No greater demonstration of its power could be given than was witnessed in South Africa. Arriving there at the end of the Boer War, hampered both as belonging to the conquering nation and by an intense race-hatred inflaming Dutch and English Christians against one another, his tact and temper changed all that. Dutch and English were seen together in the inquiry meetings. Boer farmers trekked a week's journey across the veldt to come under his spell. Rodney Smith is now in the prime of life, at the age of forty-six. One meeting him on the street might take him for a quiet sort of business man. Of robust physique, he has a flexible and musical voice and an easy command of appropriate expression. Simplicity, modest dignity, and virile earnestness characterize his address, with an occasional bubble of humor on the surface of deep feeling. His mission everywhere is to quicken spiritual life both in the unchurched multitude and in anæmic churches. He would also impart to every preacher that warm evangelistic spirit that such a man as Dr. Dawson imbibed from him. "You've all got it in you," he said recently to a church full of ministers at the noon hour; "only dig for it within yourselves to bring out the missioner that is there."

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Newfoundland Bitterness

The *modus vivendi*, or provisional agreement, between the American and English Governments concerning the Newfoundland fisheries, has stirred wrath in England's most ancient colony. The bitterness might easily have been avoided if the United States Senate, guided by Senator Lodge, had not refused to ratify the Hay-Bond Treaty—that agreement, fair to both sides, which secured reciprocal rights in the fisheries. It was only the action of a self-respecting State which Newfoundland took following that refusal, even if the action was too radical. The colony now finds itself in the mortifying position of having the "Newfoundland Foreign Fishing Vessels Act of 1905" temporarily disallowed by the English Government. This act imposed additional restrictions upon the American shipmasters who were not only impounding Newfoundlanders but were also regarded by the islanders as imperiling the entire herring catch by using purse seines, the herring having become as scarce as mackerel. Hence, the act now disallowed, in addition to the prohibition of purse seines, which has been the law in Newfoundland for a quarter of a century, declared that no fishing gear should be sold or loaned to foreign fishing vessels, and that "no British subject shall leave the colony for the purpose of joining a foreign vessel to fish." But the British Government now consents to the use of purse seines by our fishermen! As an offset to the disallowing of the act, certain concessions have been made on our side, not the least of which is the agreement not to fish on Sunday: taking into account the shortness of the season and the fact that the small fishing craft are very far from their base, this concession of one day in seven is felt to be an important one. The agreement, however, remains, in the opinion of Newfound-

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landers at least, decidedly one-sided. The St. Johns Telegram, the organ of the Prime Minister, expressed the hope that the Newfoundland Government will teach the same lesson to "Little Englanders like Lord Elgin," the Colonial Secretary, that the Natal colonists taught when the Secretary tried to ride roughshod over that colony a few months ago.

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Political Quackery

We print on another page a letter from a correspondent who pleads "the cause of Hearst." We happen to know that the author of this letter is a man of genuinely democratic spirit, of sincere ethical purposes, loyal to his duty, faithful in his work, of untiring energy, who has made himself, by his own honorable and able share in the useful work of the world, well-to-do and respected by his community and his associates. What he says, therefore, is not to be brushed aside as the word of an unsuccessful, embittered, or fanatical visionary. He and his letter fairly represent a not inconsiderable group of citizens who are supporting the candidacy of Mr. Hearst from excellent motives but under very mistaken impressions and with very faulty logic. Setting aside what is merely rhetorical and declamatory in this letter, such as the allusions to "plutocrats," "kings of finance," "white slaves," "the well-to-do classes who can afford to pay for insurance," setting aside the unjustifiable comparison between the denunciations pronounced by Jesus, which never showed a trace of personal animosity, and the irresponsible and often libelous vituperation of the yellow journalist which is saturated with personal animosity, we have left one serious argument that is worthy of respectful consideration. This is the argument that democratic institutions in the United States are being undermined and destroyed by class privilege, luxury, and the money power, and that Mr. Hearst should be voted for in order to save genuine democracy from destruction. Let us see.

We agree with our correspondent that class and special privileges, the selfish luxury of wealth, the control of industry and politics by a corrupt and corrupting money power, are very real and very dangerous evils in this country to-day. They exhibit all the symptoms of a disease which, if they were uncured or unchecked, would undoubtedly destroy our social and political institutions. That the disease has reached as acute and aggravated a stage as our correspondent appears to think it has, we do not believe. We see everywhere signs that the vigorous and sound constitution of the people of the United States is successfully struggling with and expelling the poisons which the forces of corruption are endeavoring to inject into its life. Nevertheless, the poison is there, and the case must be dealt with. Shall we call upon a doctor of education, training, experience, and successful practice to treat us, or upon a quack who in flaming advertisements announces that his own personal patent nostrums are a certain cure?

We believe that Mr. Hearst is nothing more than a political quack, who has never yet cured a patient, healed any pain, or removed a single cause of the political disease from which he asserts the people are suffering. More than that, he spends his time and money exactly like his colleagues, the medical quacks, in aggravating the people's fears, magnifying their ills, and deluding them into the belief that he, and he alone, can save them. Political quackery is the last thing to apply to political disease, and patent nostrums invariably make the last fate of the patient worse than the first.

One incident, perhaps unimportant in itself but nevertheless significant, in the journalistic career of Mr. Hearst which came within the personal knowledge of a member of the staff of The Outlook, is typical of the cheap and untrustworthy quack. We relate it in the words of our informant:

> At the time of the Spanish War there was along the Atlantic seaboard a very ridiculous but a very real fear of the Spanish fleet, and the danger of a bombardment by its warships. There were foolish people who were actually afraid to go to the seacoast for the summer, and it is credibly reported that valuables were removed by alarmed citizens from safe deposit boxes in New York and Boston to places of greater safety. There may have

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been some justification for this alarm in the fact that the whereabouts of Cervera's fleet was unknown, and that there were intelligent European authorities who prophesied that the fleet was steaming across the Atlantic to ravage our coast. Mr. Hearst's paper, the Journal, was doing all it could, not to allay this hysteria, but to excite and exploit it. On leaving my office one evening I found the newsboys crying an extra. They were selling Mr. Hearst's Journal, which announced in a great headline, that could be seen fifty feet away,

SPANISH SHIP IN SIGHT!

Although I had been fooled by the Journal several times before, in fact so many times that I rarely bought the paper, the statement was so definite that I was cheated into getting a copy. After the paper was actually in my hands I discovered, in a most ridiculously small type over the great black headline, the words, "not a," thus making the whole headline read:

NOT A
SPANISH SHIP IN SIGHT!

The purpose of this petty cheating is too obvious to need comment, and every reliable newspaper man, not only in New York but throughout the country, will tell you that it is characteristic of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hearst's methods.

This, then, is our answer to our correspondent. We oppose the candidacy of Mr. Hearst, not because we make light of the political diseases of the time, not because we do not see the symptoms of political and social blood-poisoning which have their source in graft, luxurious class privilege, and corruption, but because we are unalterably opposed to the unreliable promises, the dishonorable methods, and the dangerous and deadly practices of quackery.

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The Labor Question

The modern industrial world is divided into two classes—tool-owners and tool-workers. One small set of men own the tools—the factory, the mine, the railroad; another large body of men do the work with these tools. Only to a limited degree is the same person both owner and worker.

What should be the relation between these two classes? Should it be a modernized feudal relation? Is the tool-owner a feudal lord and the tool-worker a feudal serf, with this important difference—that the serf can leave one feudal lord and attach himself to another, and the feudal lord can discharge his serf and get another at will? Or are the tool-owners and the tool-workers partners in a common enterprise, so that the tool-workers are entitled to some share in the control and some share of the profits of the industry? This is the first labor question.

Should the industrial world always be divided into tool-owners and tool-workers? Ought the system to be so changed that every tool-worker will be a part owner and every tool-owner will be a tool-worker? And if so, by what process of evolution or revolution can the change be brought about? This is the second labor question.

These two questions constitute the labor problem.

The domestic problem is, therefore, no part of the labor problem. For there is no way in which the domestic can become a part owner of the beds she makes, carpets she sweeps, or the kitchen range she uses. And there are no profits of the household industry to be divided between the mistress and the maid. The domestic problem is a problem by itself.

The Outlook believes, first, that the present relation between the tool-owner or capitalist and the tool-maker or wage-earner should be one of partnership, not of overlord and serf; and, second, that eventually the tool-workers should become the tool-owners, and so the distinction between capitalist and wage-earner should disappear.

But while these two classes exist, it is of the first importance that they understand each other. Now they do not understand each other. They rarely meet except as master and man. They live in different communities, belong to different social organizations, attend different churches, read different newspapers. The gulf between the railway president and the trainman could hardly be greater if one were a Hindu living in Calcutta, the other a Yankee living in Boston.

In the series of articles on Industrial Democracy which we recommence in this week's issue and hope to continue with only occasional intermissions until

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the series is completed, we endeavor to introduce the wage-earner to his employer; to tell the tool-owner how the tool-worker is living, what he is thinking, what are the standards of his life, what are the causes of his discontent, what are his hopes and his demands—reasonable and unreasonable. We shall not always say whether we think them reasonable or unreasonable. We seek to interpret rather than to criticise, to write current history rather than to record any final judgment upon it.

A number of writers, each an expert in his field, have been engaged for this work of interpretation. Their articles will not be light literature, but we trust they will be interesting literature, and we are sure that they will be instructive literature. We commend them to the thoughtful consideration of our thoughtful readers.

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Creative Americans

In a well-considered address on "American Character" recently published by Mr. Brander Matthews, the question of the value of the contribution of Americans to the creative thought and work of the world is very frankly discussed. Taking as his text one of those familiar foreign comments which have aroused the ire or touched the humor of Americans since the advent of Mrs. Trollope and the days of Lowell's charming talk on "A Certain Condescension on the Part of Foreigners," Mr. Matthews puts his finger on two or three of those misleading notions in regard to American affairs which took possession of the European mind decades ago, and which have become the stock in trade of the majority of our critics on the other side of the Atlantic. As a rule, they have made no use of their eyes; some of them, to be very frank, have had no eyes—if the possession of eyes means seeing things as they are. The majority of them have inherited a traditional attitude toward Americans, and conventional views of what is going on in this country. These views have been set forth sometimes without any charm of style or any convincing element of statement; sometimes, on the other hand, they have been very eloquently enforced, as in the case of Renan. The body of this critical opinion touching America has not been useful to Americans. Now and again a European has come here with sufficient intelligence, breadth of view, and imagination to leave the European point of view behind him and take the American point of view; and comments of such critics have been quite invaluable. Such students of our affairs, for example, as De Tocqueville, Professor Bryce, Mr. Morley, Madame Blanc, M. Bourget, and Professor Münsterberg are of high importance. These opinions represent intelligence, breadth of view, first-hand knowledge, genuine insight. The great mass of European opinion lacks all these qualities. It is, as a rule, the report of individual impressions gained by incompetent persons on a very inadequate acquaintance with the things and people they are talking about, and it may be safely dismissed, unless, as has often happened, it furnishes material for humorous uses.

One of the points which the ignorant foreign critic has been constantly making against Americans is their lack of idealism. That Americans have shown administrative and executive ability of a very high order is not open to question; that they are dealing with practical affairs on an enormous scale and with conspicuous ability is, in spite of certain obvious failures, equally evident; and no thoughtful person will dismiss the ability to handle actualities with power and effectiveness as a matter of small consequence. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the antagonism between the artistic and the creative on the one hand, and the practical and efficient on the other hand. One would imagine, to read the comments of certain critics, that there was something inherently corrupting and degrading in material activity and business energy; and that the peoples of imaginative energy and power have kept their hands white from the defiling touch of commerce. As a matter of fact, the truth has been the very opposite of this. Of all the peoples of antiquity, the Greeks

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were, on the whole, the shrewdest merchants, the keenest traders; and activity at the Piræus did not in the least blur the lines of the Parthenon or dim the beauty of the statues which bore witness to the creative genius of Athens. Venice, where devotees of beauty still love to dream, was the home of the greatest commerce in the Middle Ages, and the creation of a body of men who were probably, taking into account their limitations, the most capable handlers of material things in the history of the race. No one can study the faces of Rembrandt's men without being aware that he is in the presence, not only of great art, but of immense executive ability. The theory that because America is commercial she can never be artistic may be dismissed.

That Americans have not yet made original contributions to the arts, the sciences, the higher intellectual life of the world, commensurate with their importance as a national power may be frankly conceded; but when this statement is made it must be immediately qualified by the further statement that the word creative must be interpreted in the largest possible terms. Mr. Matthews recalls President Eliot's enumeration of the five important contributions made by Americans to the advancement of civilization: the steady and growing national influence for peace-keeping and the substitution of arbitration for war; the illustration, on a great scale, of the widest religious toleration; the demonstration of the wisdom of universal manhood suffrage; the demonstration to humanity, through hospitality towards newcomers from all parts of the world, of the fitness of men of all races for political freedom; the extension of material comforts and well-being among a whole population. No intelligent man will undervalue these "triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith and justice over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust." It may appear in the course of the next half-century that the deepest inspiration of individual artistic achievement is the invigoration of a whole people with faith in humanity, with the passion for justice, and with the love of political progress.

If Americans of creative genius are not to be found in art, science, religion, and government in such numbers as men of administrative and executive genius, they still constitute a goodly number and a growing one; and the torch of idealism, which, as Mr. Matthews admirably says, "is one manifestation of imagination," is the possession of an increasing company. There are, in all the professions in this country, men who are not only using with great skill the results of the past, but who are making new contributions to the spiritual capital of the race. There are not only engineers who are showing the audacity of genius in dealing with the great practical problems, but there are architects who are dealing with inventive skill with new situations and conditions, and there are artists and sculptors who are essaying new things, and whose works record the inspiration of the genius of a new world. It is to bring this group of men into prominence that The Outlook has begun the publication of a series of personal studies of "Creative Americans." A month ago it published an admirable interpretation of the work of Mr. Saint-Gaudens from the hand of Mr. Royal Cortissoz; this week it gives its readers an equally successful study of Mr. La Farge from the same hand; and the mention of these two names is a sufficient refutation of the criticism that Americans have no aptitude for art and no genius for its practice, since both men must be counted among the foremost artists of their time. The series will include men who are making original contributions to theology, philosophy, architecture, engineering, railway development and construction, the organization of labor, and other fields in which imagination, which is the highest form of spiritual energy, has its play quite as much as in the fine arts. It may be that one of the most important messages which America has to communicate to the world will be the truth that the highest genius of the race must find future expression in dealing with material things on a large scale for noble ends as truly as it has found expression in the past in form, structure, color, and sound.

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The Spectator

In a parlor the Spectator waited for a friend. A little girl rushed by him to a group of ladies, crying: "I found it! It has three initials—I wish they were mine!" As a gold brooch passed from hand to hand, she continued: "Maybe it was a little girl's birthday gift from her papa or mamma. I wish I could get it back to her!" Advice came: "You can advertise it." "Oh, I will!" joyfully. "Ten to one the owner will never see the advertisement. Then you are out for costs, but you keep the pin. I advertised a prayer-book that I thought ought to be very precious to the owner; it cost me $1.75, and the owner never appeared." The child's face fell. It seemed that she must suffer her honest and kind intent to perish.

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This conversation ensued: "I'm always losing things." "I never pay over a dollar for an umbrella; a cheap one is less readily lost than a fine one." "I tie mine to me with a long narrow ribbon, and it follows me like Mary's lamb." "There's an umbrella conscience, though the umbrella is the world's weak point in morals." "I couldn't keep an umbrella a week without the public's assistance; it pokes my umbrella to me through windows of the elevated or runs after me on the street shouting, 'Here! you've left your umbrella!' I constantly see people hand over picked-up purses, handkerchiefs, back-hair combs. Our old world is honest at the bottom of its heart. It needs to be encouraged. Honesty should be made easy."

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The Spectator began to consider the romance, mystery, and morals of the Lost and Found. Of jewelry, the brooch seems most frequently lost. A lady tells the Spectator that she had a collection of picked-up brooches. "I had no choice but to keep them. I searched 'Lost and Found' columns, and I advertised, but never had occasion to return a find, though once I carried a brooch from Brooklyn to Harlem in answer to an advertisement; the advertiser looked at it and said it wasn't hers."

In the waiting-room of the Grand Central Station in New York the Spectator spied a little green roll on the floor. It caught another eye. A woman swooped swiftly, guardedly, down upon it; manner, circumstances, her eyes meeting the Spectator's, showed it was discovery, not recovery. She was gone before the Spectator asked himself if he had a duty in the matter. "Suppose some one, starting on a journey, dropped in that roll his all; some one, hard driven, carrying it to meet some sharp contingency. Suppose an invalid, a delicate woman, a child, an aged person, had lost here needed food, rest, wearing apparel, gift or pleasure long expected. Suppose by this mischance a young girl is alone in the city without money." The Spectator put these thoughts aside. The finder may have been in sharp need. At any rate, she had no sure way of restoring it to the loser. What should she have done with it? The Spectator got various view-points: "Turn it in at some of the offices." "Hand it to a guard." "She needed it more than the railroads, and had a better right to it." "Ten to one the loser would never inquire at the offices for it. When people lose money, they give it up for lost." The Spectator has heard like arguments about turning things in to the Lost and Found property rooms of the surface and elevated railroads.

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Oh, those Lost Property Rooms! what a curiosity shop they are! Among things therein stored have been song-birds in cages, pet dogs, and children's chairs, which preoccupied owners left behind when hustling out of the coach of the populace; and once a snapping-turtle, which must have caused a commotion among passengers. Conductors seem to do full duty in turning in lost articles, companies in holding them a reasonable time before auction; the public assists in restoration work; yet the fact remains that the great bulk of what is lost never gets back to the losers. Things for which people toiled and sacrificed slip from them in one unguarded moment. "Through carelessness," we say; but the loser suffers as for crime. The

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preoccupation of a mind overburdened, harassed, and troubled is often at the bottom of abstraction.

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The courtesy and care which certain department stores, helpers and principals, take in preserving and restoring lost articles to owners is well known. The Spectator heard that in large stores loose sums of money are picked up daily from floors and counters. "What becomes of it?" he asked a salesman. "It is supposed to be turned in at the Lost and Found Desk." "What next?" "If unclaimed and unidentified, it is supposed, at some stores, to go into a sort of fund for sick or disabled employees." "Supposed?" "Some get to saying to themselves, 'If I *knew* 'twas going to the loser or to a benevolent fund, I'd turn it in. But I've got no way of *knowing*. Finding's keeping. I need it as much as the firm does.' See!"

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"If you go to a police station, and ask if they've got anything you've lost, you get a laugh on you," so the Spectator was told. He was discussing the tragedy of the Lost and Found, when some one spoke up brightly: "There ought to be in every city a Municipal Lost and Found Bureau; it should be the legally recognized duty of finders of lost articles to deliver to it, of witnesses to finds to make report; articles should go back to finders if losers do not claim. The bureau should make due advertisement of existence and holdings." "Is there not such a bureau here?" the Spectator asked of different persons, and was answered every time, "I never heard of such a thing!" He rang up City Hall, and was referred to Police Headquarters. "Is there a Municipal Lost and Found Bureau?" "A what?" he repeated. "Wait." Interval. Another voice at the 'phone: "What do you want?" "To know if there is a Lost and Found Department in the city government?" "Who are you?" "A citizen." "What is your name?" Given. "Where do you live?" Given. "What do you want?" "To know if there is a Lost and Found Department in the city government?" "Have you lost anything?" "Many things." "When?" After spending forty cents in telephone tax, the Spectator was told, "You want the Lost Property Clerk." The Lost Property Clerk questioned, but answered not. The Spectator took a downtown car and presented himself at Police Headquarters, before the Lost Property Clerk's windows. "We can give no information unless the Chief says so," he was told. "But I only want to know what any citizen has a right to ask." "Have you lost anything?" "I know people who find things, and I want to help them to be honest. Many do not know of this department." "It was created by the Charter. If you know anybody that has found anything—like a diamond ring—all they've got to do is to turn it in to this Department." The tone went to the marrow-bones of the Spectator's conscience!

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The Spectator finally got the Chief's permission to be answered, and, as the result of over a half-day's labor, some fasting and humiliation, he gathered the information that the office restored last year over a million and a half dollars' worth of stolen or lost property; the finder of an article can turn it in to the first police officer he meets, taking receipt; loser proving claim must give receipt for article which finder may see; if loser does not appear in six months, finder can recover; if neither loser nor finder claims, it is auctioned with other property, proceeds going to the police pension fund. The Department advertises daily in the City Record in a standing paragraph by no means specific. Readers of The Outlook may marvel that the Spectator happened upon so many people ignorant of this Department and its beneficent operation. The Spectator so marvels, and also that the Lost Property Clerk showed so cold a disposition toward a citizen's interest in him and earnest effort to find and restore him to a proportion of the public to whom he is certainly lost or unknown.

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OLD BRANDS AND NEW SMOKERS.

SPAIN (*to* UNCLE SAM). "EXCUSE MY SMILING. I KNOW THOSE CIGARS!"

This cartoon from Punch expresses in a jovial way the interest that Englishmen take in the difficult problems the United States is handling in Cuba and the Philippines. Punch may be reminded, however, that Uncle Sam did not and does not expect to derive from his work in those islands the meditative comfort of the smoker. He is no more surprised than Spain at occasional explosions, but believes that he can help the Cubans and the Filipinos to become eventually good neighbors to all the world.

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CHARLES E. MAGOON, PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF CUBA, IN THE PALACE AT HAVANA

SAVING A PEOPLE FROM THEMSELVES

IMPRESSIONS OF CUBA UNDER AMERICAN INTERVENTION

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND

Special Representative of The Outlook in Cuba

TWO days after American intervention had for the second time become a fact in Cuba, a quartet of passengers stood on the deck of the steamer from Miami and speculated on the condition of affairs which they would find in Havana. A colonel of the Marine Corps—a veteran of the Spanish War, the march to Peking, and the Philippine insurrection—was on his way to take command of the brigade of marines which had been hurried to Cuban waters on battle-ships and cruisers. A young American planter and his wife were impatient to hear whether their plantation had escaped the depredations of the rebel bands. The representative of The Outlook was eager to learn how the intervention had been accomplished, and how it had been received by the people; the bare news of the fact had reached us at Key West.

As we steamed toward the narrow mouth of the harbor of Havana, the sun's first rays slipped over the horizon, and on the flagstaffs above the walls of Morro Castle and the Cabañas fortress were broken out the colors of the Cuban

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Republic. American intervention, then, did not mean the raising of the American flag. The fact was significant of everything that I was to find during my stay in Cuba. Intervention had been accomplished with the utmost tact, consideration, and self-effacement on the part of the representatives of the United States.

As we passed through the narrow channel into the broad harbor behind the city we came upon a scene characteristic of another phase of the intervention. Four great white battle-ships and four cruisers floating the stars and stripes suggested the firm hand with which control had been assumed. The much-lampooned "big stick" was boldly in evidence, but the other half of the famous maxim had gone first, as its author always intended it should. The peace-makers had not forgotten to "go softly," and their gentle methods had, at least for the moment, justified themselves.

As we came up to our mooring, a couple of hundred yards beyond the gaunt fragments of the wreckage of the Maine, a string of parti-colored signal flags fluttered out from the main truck of the flagship Louisiana, and the quick response of the answering pennant on each of the war-ships showed it to be a fleet signal. In a few minutes a steam launch with a pair of boats in tow loaded with marines left the side of each of the vessels and headed for the shore. The marines were landing, while their commanding officer was impatiently objurgating the slowness of the Quarantine doctor whose non-appearance kept us prisoners on our steamer. An hour later, as I drove toward the American Legation, the marines passed in trolley-cars, on their way to Camp Columbia, three miles from the city. During a week's stay in Havana I saw no other American soldiers except a small guard of marines at the Legation—withdrawn after a couple of days—a guard about the Treasury, and perhaps a dozen officers and men at different times, evidently off duty for the moment. A rebel general was a more common sight in the public places than an American private. While the "big stick" was held ready for resolute action if it were needed, there was

ROBERT BACON
Assistant Secretary of State of the United States

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no flourishing of it, no attempt to impress the people by a display of force.

The seat of the Provisional Government was at the American Legation during the few days in which President Palma was making his preparations for leaving the Palace, his home for four and a half years. The Legation occupies a quiet, unpretentious suite of rooms a block away from the boulevard on the sea front. A narrow staircase, guarded (the word seems ridiculous in a city that

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WILLIAM H. TAFT

Secretary of War of the United States

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL, U. S. A.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON U. S. A.

looks so peaceful, so occupied with its usual business, so harmless) at its foot by a couple of sentries, leads into a small hall or waiting-room. By half-past ten it was filled with a throng of Cubans, interspersed with a few Americans, all waiting for a word with the Governor or his associates. The Supreme Court of the island and the City Council of Havana were there, in solemn black, to pay their respects to the head of the Provisional Government. In a corner a group of Liberal leaders—Zayas, the chief man in the party, Garcia, just released from a sojourn in jail, and Gomez, the Liberal candidate for President in the recent election—discussed with animation some question of policy or plan of action. Two men in opposite corners of the room presented an interesting contrast, and one that to American eyes seemed significant. One was a fiery little man with fierce mustaches, wearing a marvelous uniform with much gold lace—General Rodriguez, commander of the Rural Guards, the bulwark of the Government against the Azaldos, the "uprisen" rebels. The other was a stocky little man with a close-cropped sandy beard, dressed in a neat business suit and having an air of quiet efficiency—General Funston, merely an American soldier calmly performing his duty. In the inner rooms of the Legation Secretary Taft and Secretary Bacon, with a military aide and a secretary or two, were giving their attention to the thousand and one tiresome details of the perplexing problems inseparable from their complex task.

It was hard to realize that here, in this atmosphere of informality and simplicity, was the real seat of government of the island of Cuba; that this genial, unconventional gentleman had taken upon himself the burden of administration of a country deserted by its rulers, *de facto* if not *de jure*. A visit to the Palace a few days later, when Governor Taft had moved his headquarters, strengthened the impression of simplicity and absence of show. There was nothing to indicate that the Provisional Government was American except the personality of the Governor and his secretary. Even the sentry at the entrance was no longer an American marine, but a Cuban policeman. The intention of the new government was expressed in the proclamation of intervention, which said, "In so far as is consistent with the nature of a provisional government established under the authority of the United States, this will be a Cuban government, conforming, as far as may be, to the constitution of

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Cuba. The Cuban flag will be hoisted as usual over the government buildings of the island. All the executive departments and the provincial and municipal governments, including that of the city of Havana, will continue to be administered as under the Cuban Republic." This intention was being carried out not only most strictly in the letter but most conscientiously in the spirit. Nothing was being done that could irritate a sensitive people.

From observers of the course of events preceding the intervention, I learned with what patience and tact Secretary Taft had striven to reconcile an impossible situation. The Liberals claimed that there had been no election. Juan Gualberto Gomez, the orator of the Liberal party, in a conversation over our coffee in a Havana café, said to me: "It wasn't that the elections were fraudulent. That wouldn't have been a cause for uprising. Fraudulent elections are not uncommon in many lands. But the pretended election was no election at all. By the use of armed forces the Liberal voters were kept from the polls on peril of their lives. Under such conditions there could be no election. In my own town I saw a man who owned to being a Liberal seriously wounded in the head by a machete in the hands of a Rural Guard. He did not vote." Against this claim, backed up by force of arms, the Government had nothing to oppose. It could not refute the evidence of fraud and illegality presented to Secretary Taft by the Liberal leaders, nor could it hold its own against the rebels in the field. No preparations for defense against an uprising had been made, in spite of premonitory signs of trouble. For several months President Palma and his family had been living within the walls of Cabañas fortress. But in a conversation at his new home in Matanzas he said to me, "We were not prepared for war; we were prepared for peace."

What President Palma and his associates in the Moderate party wanted was American intervention in support of his Government. Unable to secure this support, they were unwilling to make any compromise. In spite of the best efforts of Secretary Taft and Secretary Bacon to secure a plan of mutual concessions or to arrange a plan of arbitration which would be acceptable to both parties, the Moderates at least would not yield a point. President Palma and his Cabinet resigned; the Congress, unable to persuade them to reconsider, refused to act. Two members attended the adjourned session, and, after delivering patriotic speeches, dramatically withdrew. Cuba was without a government. Secretary Taft issued a proclamation announcing that a provisional government was established and directing heads of departments, Civil Governors, and Alcaldes to report to him for instructions. Twenty five marines were landed to guard the treasury. Intervention was accomplished.

SEÑOR ZAYAS, LEADER OF THE LIBERALS, AND CONSUL-GENERAL STEINHARDT

It was received by the people as quietly as it was brought about. There were no crowds in the streets, no demonstrations, no expressions of pleasure or the reverse. The general attitude was

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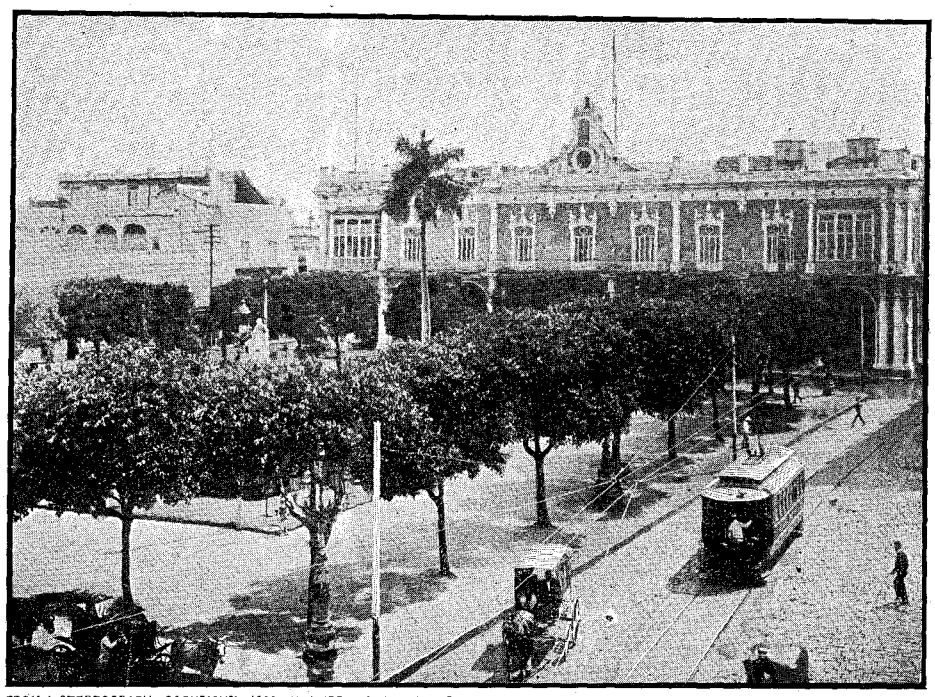

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THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, HAVANA

doubtless well illustrated by the comment of an old fruit-seller. He was asked how he liked the new government, and replied, "I lived under the Spanish rule, I lived under the American intervention, I lived under the republic: what do I care so long as," with an expressive rubbing together of thumb and forefinger, "I get the pesetas?"

The Liberals were perfectly satisfied; they counted the intervention as a victory for their cause, and looked forward eagerly to an early election when they would as a matter of course reap the fruit of their labors. It was natural that they should be satisfied, for they had succeeded in their principal object—getting the other fellows out. With a fine combination of optimism and self-confidence, they rejoiced in the belief that the second half of their programme, getting themselves in, would speedily follow. The Moderates were probably not so well pleased, for they were now out instead of being in. But they must have realized that if intervention had not come the rebels would have, and their situation would have been much less pleasant. Intervention had at least saved them from the ignominy of surrender or flight. At any rate, they accepted it calmly and philosophically.

The first task of the Provisional Government was to bring about the disarmament of the forces in the field. A commission of American officers and rebel generals arranged the practical details, and the detachments in the different provinces delivered up their arms and returned to their homes quietly and expeditiously. It was noticeable, however, that in a detachment of a hundred men there would be only fifty or sixty guns, and most of those old and dilapidated. Many a gun that has done good service in the rebel cause will never reach the disarmament commission. I asked a Liberal leader where their forces had obtained their arms. He told me that most of them had been left from the revolution against Spain. When you remember that all the arms that were used at that time were supposed to have been given up when the first American Provisional Government was installed, it is easy to imagine that the next rebellion, if it comes, will find plenty of arms hidden away throughout the country.

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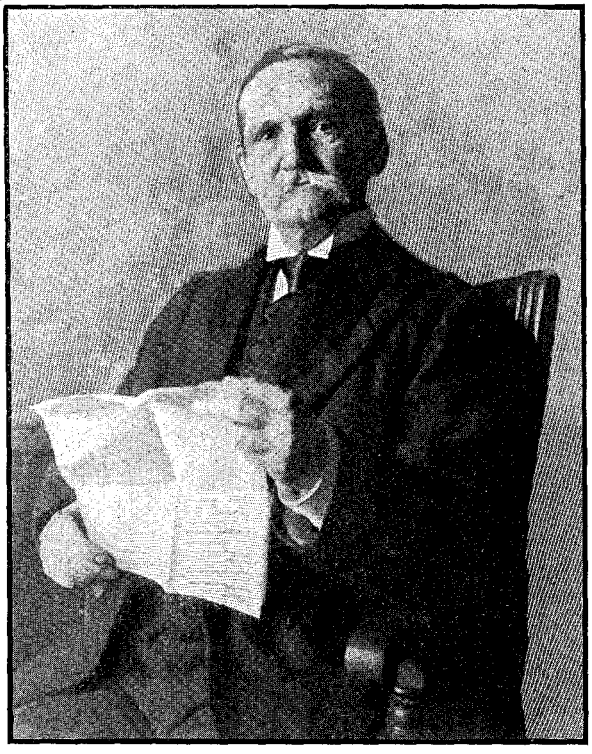
The Cuban prizes the right of revolution. A friend of mine was discussing the action of the American Government with a respectable merchant of Matanzas, who exclaimed, in a manner described as "waspish," "They want to deprive us of the right of revolution! Every country has its revolutions; you have had yours, France hers, the South American countries have them often. But the Americans would try to keep us from having ours when we want it."

upon whom the permanent government of the Republic should be devolved." We are determined to give the Cubans another chance at self-government. But how will the second experiment succeed? The business of prophecy is generally a thankless one; but a few impressions gained from talk with American residents and Cubans themselves may throw a little light on the problem.

A visit to a rebel camp at Santiago de las Vegas furnished some suggestions as



EX-PRESIDENT TOMAS ESTRADO PALMA
Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore

Intervention having been brought about quietly and calmly, and accepted throughout the island in the same spirit, the important question presents itself, What next? To this there can be but one answer, unless unforeseen complications arise. Our National word and honor are pledged in the promise of Secretary Taft's proclamation: "The provisional government . . . will be maintained only long enough to restore order and peace and public confidence, and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to determine those persons

to the genuineness of the movement underlying the revolution. We were received with real Cuban cordiality by the Colonel in command at the headquarters, and introduced to General Betancourt, just out from Havana for a conference. The General was very glad to express his approval of the course of the American representatives and his hope for an early election, and to describe the methods of the revolution. It had been started, he said, absolutely without financial support, and contributions had been made from time to time

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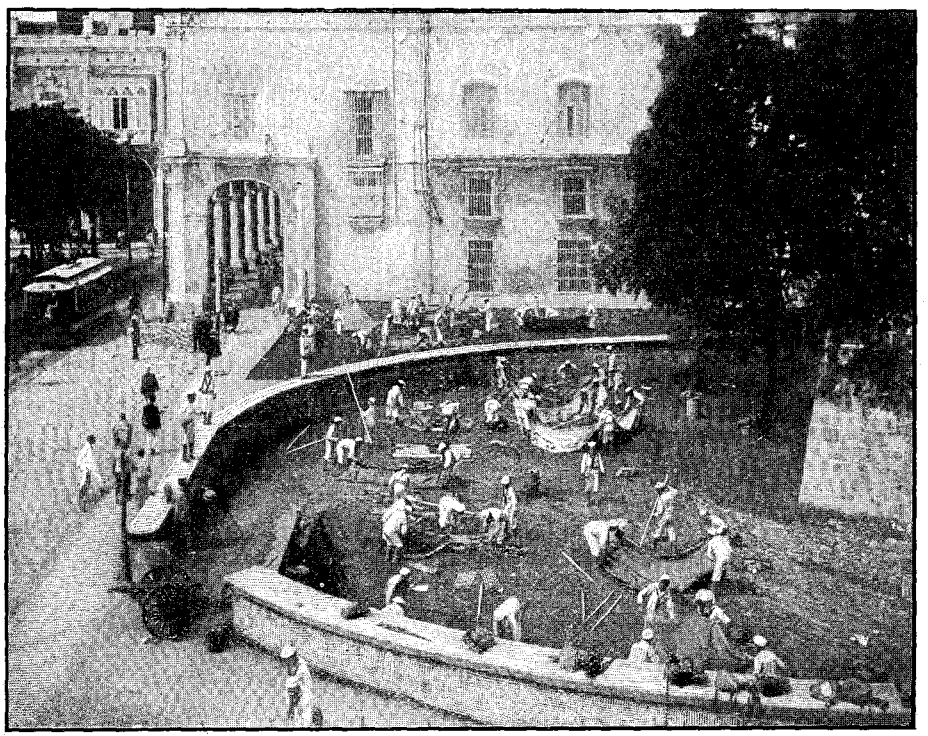
by prominent Liberals. The arms had been left from the former war or taken from the Government forces whenever a fight occurred. The Azaldo forces had destroyed no property, and had taken from the farms and plantations only what they actually needed for subsistence. What they took from Liberals they looked upon as contributions to the cause from those who ought to support it; what they took from Moderates they looked upon as spoils of war taken from the enemy; what they took from Americans they considered loans, for which they gave vouchers, to be redeemed when their cause had triumphed. He reiterated the statement of Señor Gomez that the election had in reality been no election. But I could not avoid the impression, which, in fact, I received from all the Liberal leaders I saw, that they were more concerned because they believed that they had been defrauded of something than because the Cuban people had been deprived of their rights. Thwarted ambition seemed to me a much more likely explanation of their activity than disinterested patriotism or even party loyalty.

But, ascribing whichever motive you please to the leaders, what of the followers? Why were they fighting? After I had seen the ragged bands of Cubans, and negroes, and mulattoes of all the intermediate shades, riding gayly around the country, or lounging idly at the railway station or before the village store, I became strongly impressed with the fact that this was for them an unprecedented holiday. Instead of hard work on a sugar or tobacco plantation, your Azaldo was astride of some other man's horse with a machete at his side, a carbine in his hand, and the prospect before him of two fine meals a day at the expense of his own former employer or his neighbor's. To a man of his condition the prospect would be very alluring. The chances of being shot in an engagement with the Rural Guards would be very small. Why should he not become an Azaldo? The promise of a sword and a gun and a horse and food without work would attract many a better man than he.



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AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS MAKING CAMP NEAR THE PALACE, HAVANA

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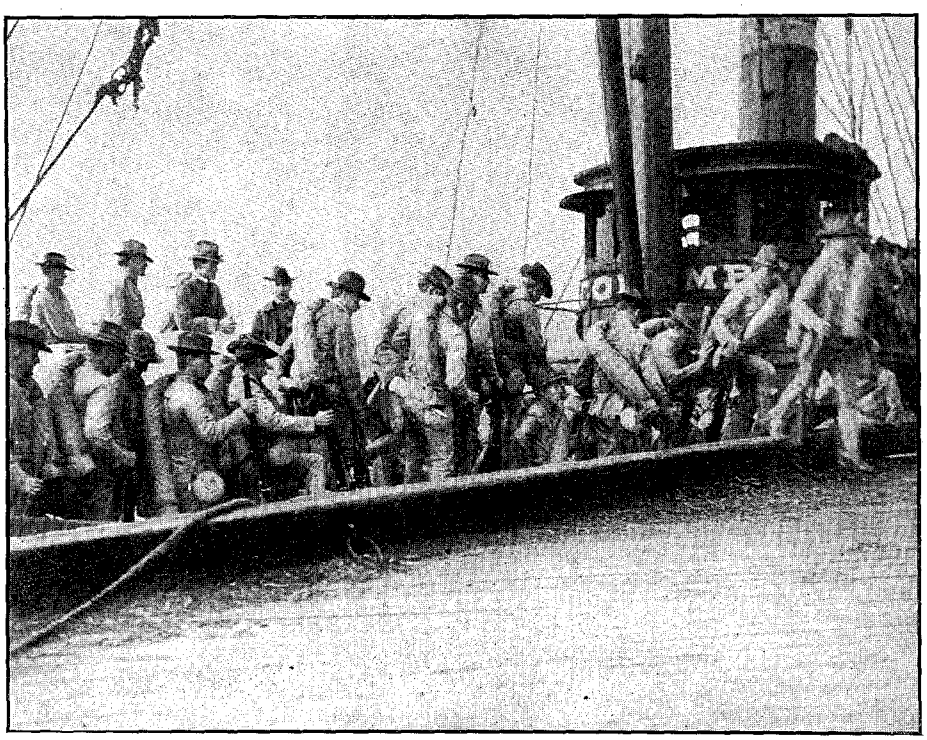
Our talk with the General was prolonged by a sudden storm of tropic rain, which kept us until a kind invitation to "breakfast" was tendered. The meal was served at a table in the main room of the headquarters, with seats for the two generals (the local commander having appeared), the colonel, and the guests. These were honored with plates, while below the salt a motley crowd, which probably contained majors, captains, lieutenants, and perhaps even a private, ate from great green leaves with their natural utensils. At the door a ragged Cuban lounged with a rusty carbine, as a sentry. I was gravely informed by the General that this was "a military custom." The food was abundant—rice and mutton, jerked beef, sweet potatoes, bread, and the wine of the conntry. The gay demeanor of the rank and file, as they ate voraciously, supported the "holiday" hypothesis.

Talk with Americans who have lived for some time in Cuba does not tend to a high regard for the abilities of the Cuban for self-government. An American, who has been at the head of a charitable institution under the Government, told me of a certain Cuban who wanted his place. The Cuban wrote a letter containing certain charges, entirely false, against him, in the hope of supplanting him. The letter was sent to the American, who promptly confronted his accuser and asked him what he meant by lying about him. The Cuban replied, "I'm no liar, and I won't allow any man to call me so."

"Well," said the American, "I am calling you so, and here's your own letter to prove it. You won't deny that you wrote this."

"No," said the Cuban, "I wrote it. But that isn't lying; that's the custom of the country."

It is probably inevitable that Americans in Cuba should have an unflattering opinion of Cuban character and Cuban political ability, especially those who have seen their business injured, their plantations plundered of horses and supplies, and their prosperity threatened by a revolution which seems to them to be based on self-seeking rather than on principle. It is unquestionable that



A DETACHMENT OF ENGINEERS LEAVING BROOKLYN FOR CUBA

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this unfavorable estimate has much of truth in it. The Cubans, as Secretary Taft said in his address at the opening of the University of Havana, have become accustomed during years of Spanish rule to look to some one else than themselves for the responsibility of government, while they exercised only the function of criticism. It is not surprising that they are not yet able to assume the responsibilities of representative government without making serious mistakes. It will take time and education and moral development before self-government in Cuba will run a smooth course.

But meanwhile, in this first catastrophe to the Cuban experiment, the attitude of the American Government and the American people has been on a high plane of unselfishness and helpfulness. We have treated the Cuban people with dignity and kindliness but with firmness. We have shown them that we are there to help them to help themselves. By our words and our acts we have expressed our confidence in the ultimate success of the Cuban Republic. In this spirit of helpfulness and confidence we must finish the work which we have begun, setting a high standard for the relations of the strong nations of the world to their weaker neighbors.

THE NIGHT WATCHES

BY F. E. SNOW

I.

I wakened in the watches of the night,
When earth was bathed in darkness; specters dread
Came trooping in upon my mind, and bred
A thousand ghostly visions, which the light
Would turn, I knew, to fancies warm and bright.
But then my path with gloom seemed overspread,
Disasters, sorrows, thickened round my head,
And all my fondest hopes were put to flight.
Torn with my frenzied thoughts, I cried aloud:
Is there no light in all the round, wide earth,
And will the blessed sun ne'er shine again?
Is all the world enveloped in a shroud?
And will there never come another hour of mirth?
The mocking echoes but flung back the strain,—
And I was left to wrestle with my pain!

II.

Again I slept, and waked a second time:
The first faint gleam of dawn was in the air;
The blushing morn, half-hid, but passing fair,
And shrinking back as from a stranger clime,
Came peeping from the east; the matin chime
Of birds was softly caroled here and there;
The smell of new-born flowers, ethereal, rare,
Was wafted through the casement; day's full prime
Was bursting o'er a reawaking world.
My visions vanished and my ghosts were laid;
And with the sun hope rose, and jocund mirth;
And when black night her spectral banner furled,
Sweet laughter flung hers forth: again I prayed
With faith upspringing to a glad new birth,
And life and death held the full meed of worth!

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THE NEW INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSIONERS

BY H. S. BROWN

WHEN President Roosevelt came to consider appointments to the new Inter-State Commerce Commission, he kept before his mind the probability that its work would be subjected to more diligent and hostile scrutiny than that of any Government board appointed in recent years. It was, therefore, of first importance that the Commission should be composed of men of intelligence, sound common sense, and strong moral fiber. They could either make the Rate Regulation Law a farce and failure, thus putting far astern the great reform the law was expected to accomplish, and opening up the entire question as a tormenting issue in National politics, or, by proper and sagacious administration, solve the question of equal rights to all shippers, and justice of treatment to the railroads and the public.

Four members of the old Commission he retained—Messrs. Knapp, of New York, Prouty, of Vermont, Clements, of Georgia, and Cockrell, of Missouri. There had been a vacancy in the old Board, and to this Mr. Roosevelt had appointed Franklin K. Lane, a well-known lawyer of California. The Senate refused to confirm the appointment of Mr. Lane, on the ground that he was a Democrat, and would make the Board stand three Democrats to two Republicans. The President refused to withdraw Mr. Lane's name, and when the Rate Regulation Law was passed he appointed Mr. Lane once more; and there is every reason, judging from his past record, to believe that he will prove one of the best members of the Commission.

The three new members are all men in the prime of life, and their private characters and public careers have stood rather close scrutiny. All have been considerably in the public eye, and all are considered to possess a high sense of public duty. They are also distributed geographically in such a way as to give each section of the country representation. James S. Harlan represents the Middle West; Edgar E. Clark represents that section reaching to the Rocky Mountains, having been an active railway man in that territory; and Mr. Lane can speak of the demands and necessities of the Pacific coast.

Mr. Lane has for nearly a score of years been a prominent figure in the public life of the States bordering on the Pacific. He has always been to the front, whether it be in times of quiet, stress, storm, or earthquake. He is a man of alertness, virility, and courage. When the earthquake devastated San Francisco, and fire began to seep the business and residential quarters of the city, the Chief of the Fire Department was one of the first victims. It seemed that every man had an opportunity to be the man in an emergency. Mr. Lane found his place. He organized the great dynamite attack on the flames, and during the days and nights of terror and suffering showed fine qualities of leadership. Men were willing to follow Frank Lane, and he asked none to go where he did not go himself.

The same qualities of leadership had been disclosed by Mr. Lane when he entered into the contest to give the city of San Francisco a new charter in 1898. This was a great struggle to improve the government of San Francisco, which had become a byword of reproach. He was a member of the convention of one hundred business and professional men called to draft the new charter. His ability to grasp intricate municipal problems and his ready faculty for broad and accurate judgment commanded such attention that he became the candidate of his party for city and county attorney. He was the man who put the charter into effect. He made a record in that office second to none ever made

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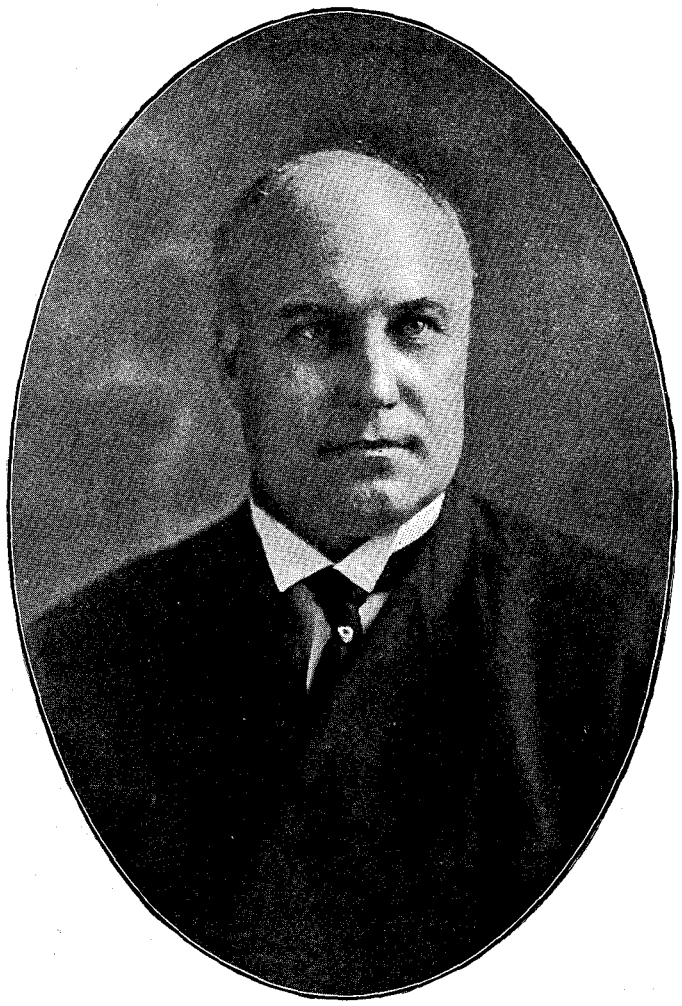
by a public administrator in California. The character of his service in this office at once plunged him into a series of campaigns unexampled for bitterness and ferocity of attack. When he was nominated for Governor by the Democrats in 1902, it was believed that his high standing and ability as a speaker would win the election for him. But Mr. Lane had made enemies in San Francisco during his term as city attorney. He had refused to be controlled by William R. Hearst politically, and Mr. Hearst fought him openly in the columns of his newspaper. Mr. Lane was defeated by a very narrow margin, and the feud that began then has since continued. Mr. Lane was nominated two years later by the Democrats for Mayor of San Francisco, and was once more defeated, this time in a three-sided fight, in which Mr. Schmitz, the Union Labor candidate, was successful. Having shown during his entire career that he would not be deterred from what he believed to be his duty by any amount of abuse or by threats of political annihilation, Mr. Lane naturally came up for consideration by President Roosevelt when he came to appoint a member of the Commission from the far side of the Sierras. It is believed that he has found in Mr. Lane a man who will show impartiality in passing upon questions involved



FRANKLIN K. LANE

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in the administration of the new law, and will steer a fairly even course between the radical element, on one hand, who wish the railways minutely and even severely regulated, and the broad conservatives, on the other hand, who advocate a regulation so nearly nominal as to be practically no departure from present conditions. Mr. Lane is a man of commanding personality and fine personal appearance. His appointment may be taken as "personal" with the President. He supported William J. Bryan for President, not because he believed in the free coinage of silver, but because he regarded Mr. Bryan as a sincere and honest man, advocating needed reforms. Thus there are two prominent Bryan Democrats on the Commission, Mr. Cockrell having been a warm advocate of the election of the Nebraskan.

As in the appointment of Mr. Lane, so did Mr. Roosevelt ignore political recommendations when he named on the Commission Edgar Erastus Clark, now of Iowa. Mr. Clark is one of those men, more numerous than the public realizes, who go gradually forward from the fire-box of a locomotive, or a section of track, to positions of great responsibility and power. Some of them are presidents of the greatest transportation lines of the country, and some are managers of other business enterprises, colossal in extent.

EDGAR ERASTUS CLARK

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Mr. Clark from fireman on a far Western railway has become the Chief of the Order of Railroad Conductors; he is one of the confidential friends of the President, and was appointed by him to one of the greatest trusts that could fall to a civilian—a membership in the Coal Strike Commission of 1902. Incidents trifling in themselves often shape careers. Mr. Clark was present at the meeting of the Order of Railroad Firemen in Chattanooga, several years ago, where Mr. Roosevelt was made an honorary member of the organization. Many of the members of the various bodies represented at that event had addresses to make to the President. The average railway employee under such circumstances is likely to feel self-restraint, and not acquit himself well as an orator. But Mr. Clark made an address couched in the concise and lucid language of a trained mind, so businesslike and so straightforward that the President was amazed.

So deep was the impression, verified by subsequent inquiries, made by Mr. Clark on that occasion, that when the President was creating the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission he placed the name of the head of the railway conductors on the list and stuck to him. He appointed him not as a representative of the labor interests, any more than he appointed General John M. Wilson as a representative of the army, or Judge Gray as a representative of the judiciary. He named him because of his general intelligence, his insight, his strong common sense, and his fine distinctions in questions involving rights of capital as well as of labor. Mr. Clark had already traveled hand in hand with the late P. M. Arthur, Chief of the Brotherhood of Engineers, and Frank P. Sargent, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, on the road of arbitration. The cardinal doctrine of his creed as a railway man was that the strike was a dangerous weapon and that mutual concessions were better than tie-ups. He had carried to a successful conclusion one of the earliest of the arbitrations of labor disputes in this country—the Grand Trunk engineers' strike, which he ended as the representative of the engineers.

As a member of the Coal Strike Commission Mr. Clark won lasting respect from his associates. It had been expected by many that Mr. Clark, because of his environment as a labor leader, would endeavor to make a report that leaned toward the miners. Instead of that he showed a stiff backbone in favor of an impartial and judicial report. He proved himself able to cope in intellectual discussion with the most gifted members of the Commission, and showed surprising ability in the mastery of intricate problems. Mr. Clark's experience in handling broad questions of policy for his organization for nearly twenty years has given him great maturity of judgment. He is a seasoned thinker. He is a master of self, and never commits himself until he is certain of his ground. He has ever considered the public as well as his labor union in dealing with controversies which have risen between that union and the railroads. He is fifty years old, but twenty-nine of them have been spent either as a railway wage-earner or as a controller of railway wage-earners. Mr. Clark is fond of his books and devoted to the cultivation of flowers. All that is beautiful in nature appeals to him, and he lives in an atmosphere much more refined than that which sometimes befogs the rather narrow world of trades unionism.

James S. Harlan comes from a long line of fighting ancestors. His father is John Marshall Harlan, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who was commander of the Tenth Kentucky regiment in the Civil War from 1861 until 1863, and was with Thomas and Sherman. The Harlans in their day were makers of the commonwealth of Virginia. They were later confidants and Congressional associates of Henry Clay. One of them died of wounds and exposure in the Mexican War. An older generation furnished men who fought at the battle of Blue Licks with Daniel Boone, and one gave up his life there. The younger representatives of the family have started well and bid fair to go far. James S. Harlan was appointed Attorney-General of Porto Rico at forty, and at forty-six is a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. His

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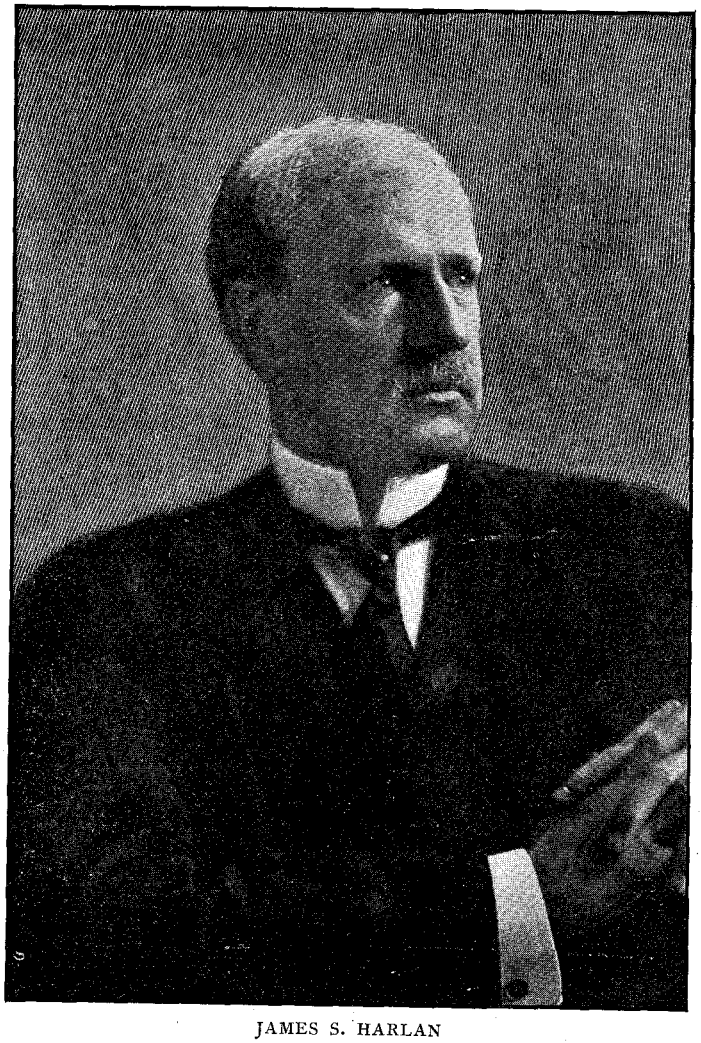
brother, John Maynard Harlan, is one of the leaders of the Chicago bar, and in a radical year, when municipal ownership of everything was in the very air, was only narrowly defeated for Mayor of Chicago. Another brother is the Rev. Richard Davenport Harlan, President of the Lake Forest University.

Until his appointment by the President to the present position, he practiced law with his brother in Chicago. It was while he was serving as Attorney-General of Porto Rico that he attracted the attention of the President, who has had his eye upon him ever since. Mr. Harlan's activities have always been directed in



JAMES S. HARLAN

Mr. Harlan is a man of clean, wholesome personality. He stands six feet two and one-half inches, and every inch is athletic. He shows that he comes from the old Kentucky and Virginia stock in the natural chivalry of his manner. Frankness, straightforwardness, and candor are his characteristics, inherited from his eminent father. the cause of pure politics. Not a word of criticism has been made of his appointment. Mr. Harlan is one of those men who throws his whole attention to his work, and his legal knowledge will be a great acquisition to the Commission, having to cope, as it does, with the ablest lawyers of the country representing the great rail and water transportation lines.

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Industrial Democracy

This article is the third in the series of papers on Industrial Democracy, which began with Dr. F. J. Warne's study of labor conditions in the anthracite coal regions called "Miner and Operator" (The Outlook, March 24, 1906), and was continued in Mr. William Hard's "Labor in the Chicago Stock-Yards" (The Outlook, June 16, 1906). In all, this series of papers, which will deal with fundamental questions relating to industrial unrest and the conditions of labor at large as well as individual industries, will comprise a dozen or more articles. Among the writers to contribute will be, Mr. John Graham Brooks, the author of "Social Unrest;" Professor Graham Taylor, Lecturer on Sociology at the University of Chicago; Mr. Luke Grant, a special student of industrial conditions and well-known writer on this topic; Mr. S. B. Donnelly, Secretary of the Building Trades General Arbitration Board, and Mrs. Florence Kelley. Professor Commons, the author of the present article, is one of the highest American authorities on the actual facts relating to trade unions.—THE EDITORS.

RESTRICTIONS BY TRADE UNIONS

BY JOHN R. COMMONS

Professor of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin

SOME employers say, "We should have no objections to trade unions if they would organize to increase production instead of restricting production." Economists and critics have shown that unions, by their restrictive policies, stand in the way of progress. The unions, in deference to a public opinion that judges measures mainly by their effects on production, defend themselves by denying that their policies are restrictive. But their arguments are indirect; they look towards the ultimate effects of unions, and not to their immediate effects. Ultimately, the unions may be said to increase production when their policies force employers to adopt labor-saving devices; but this is plainly an indirect result brought about by the employer to counteract the direct result of the union. Ultimately, also, their social effects may contribute to social progress by shortening the hours of labor and maintaining more expensive standards of life; but these, again, are indirect results, preceded by policies which, so far as production is concerned, are essentially restrictive. In truth, the characteristic policies of unions imply restrictions of some kind upon employers.

The success of unions has come about only as they have abandoned the field of production and have confined themselves to distribution. It is with the distribution of wealth that they are necessarily concerned, and the irrepressible conflict of capital and labor is found in the difference between production and distribution. In modern industry it is the employer—the one who assumes the risks of business—upon whom the responsibility of production is placed. To meet this responsibility he offers inducements to the other factors to join with him—to the capitalist or landowner he offers interest or rent, to patentees he offers royalties, to experts and managers he offers salaries, to workmen he offers wages. It is his business to combine these factors and to afford inducements such that each will yield its largest and best contribution to the joint product.

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But with the other contributors the first question is the return they will get from their productive energies, and a trade union is simply a combination to get a larger return.

Such a combination, in the nature of the case, can operate only by means of obstacles placed in the way of the free action of employers. As individuals the several contributors can secure the return they wish only to the extent to which they can hold back in the bargain, and this is limited by the freedom which the employer has of turning from one to another. As a combination they direct their efforts towards limiting this kind of freedom, and this is the primary object underlying all the restrictions of a trade union. The aim is mutual protection—or perhaps mutual aggrandizement—and the methods are restrictive in the same sense that a protective tariff on imports is restrictive. In both cases some of the arguments advanced may be fallacious, such as the argument that by restricting trade you increase the amount of work to be done. I do not hold that protectionism and trade unionism are parallel in all respects. One is the policy of government, supposed to stand for all of the people; the other is the policy of individuals acting for themselves. But even here it is conceivable that government might adopt this policy and relieve individuals of enforcing it, as government has already done in the case of factory protection and child labor, and as government has done in Australasia along the entire line of trade union policy. The essential parallel is the fact that both lines of industrial philosophy proceed along restrictions on freedom of trade and bargaining, and that neither is primarily an agency for the production, but rather an agency for the distribution, of wealth. If they increase production, it is because they set other forces at work to overbalance their restrictions.

Consider the changes necessary in the character of a union if it should direct its energies to the production of wealth. It would in so far cease to be a trade union, and would become either a society for technical education, or an association for sharing profits, or a co-operative association.

Now, it might be well for unions to give more attention than they do to the technical or trade education of their members. But, apart from incidental instruction in their trade journals, their efforts in this direction are confined almost solely to securing opportunity for apprentices to learn all branches of their trade. And here, strangely enough, it is only by way of restrictions the most onerous to employers that the apprentices are granted such opportunities. The union restricts the number of apprentices to the shop and restricts the ratio to journeymen; it requires three, four, or five years of apprenticeship, and enjoins the journeymen to aid and instruct the apprentice. It prohibits the employer from keeping the apprentice at one operation, but requires, as do the machinists, that the employer shall change him to another machine every six months. The object is twofold: the number of apprentices is limited in order that the trade may not be overcrowded and wages reduced; and an all-round education of the apprentice is stipulated in order that the union man may become a better mechanic than the non-union man. These are undoubted restrictions on the employer; they prevent him from specializing his workmen and adopting that minute division of labor which the economists set forth as a fruitful instrument of wealth-production. But it is evident that they are necessary to the existence of the union, that their motive is self-protection, and that, by way of a method immediately restrictive, their ultimate result is to raise the general efficiency of the union mechanic.

As regards profit-sharing, evidently the offer must come from the employers. It is one form of the inducements which they offer to their managers and workers to engage more actively in the production of wealth. It scarcely needs an association of the workmen, and, if it did, such an association would not be a trade union.

The only other form that a union could adopt in order, as an association, to promote production would be that of a co-operative society or corporation. Indeed, this is what almost every organ-

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ized trade in the United States has done at one time or another in its history. The experiments have either failed or have been disasters if they succeeded. When the union takes the risks and responsibilities of production, it becomes, not a co-operator with the employer, but a competitor. Herein is failure. If it succeeds, then it raises up in its own ranks an element interested in profits rather than wages. This element becomes exclusive, treats its fellow-members as employees, hires outsiders if it can get them cheaper, and, sooner or later, goes over to the other employers or is expelled by such remnant of the union as survives. The molders and the coopers have furnished illustrious warnings of this kind to unions not to engage in production, with its motive of profits. By painful experiment, or by the experience of others, the unions have generally come to the point of confining their attention to wages—that is, to distribution—leaving to employers the questions of production. This may be unfortunate. The resulting policies may seem unreasonable. If so, it is because industrial conditions have separated those interested in the production of wealth from those interested in its distribution. The labor union is a protest on the part of the latter. Its policies are necessarily restrictive, but the restrictions vary in extent, partly with the extent to which the separation has been carried, partly with the extent to which the union dominates. Where the separation has been bridged by conciliation or where the union has been weakened or suppressed, the restrictions have been lessened, but their essential restrictiveness remains in the very protective nature of the trade union itself.

The methods of unions cannot be understood except in terms of conflict. This is true not only of strikes but also of the methods used to retain the winnings of strikes. The conflict continues after the strike is won. Consequently, to the experienced members, more important than wages is the preservation of their union. New and inexperienced unions fall in pieces after a strike is won. Their members have a juvenile faith in promises. But with experience they learn that it is the union rather than the promises that they must rely upon. Take the minimum wage. The employer agrees to pay not less than a certain amount by the day or hour. But the agreement is not a contract in law. It cannot be enforced in court. It has probably been made under duress—that is, under a strike or threat of a strike. Furthermore, it applies only to the union members. If the employer agrees to pay it to non-members and if he lives up to his agreement, the state of conflict ceases and the union need go no further. This is the case with the railroad brotherhoods—the engineers, firemen, conductors, and trainmen. They deal with corporations conducted like governments. Their scale of wages is like a legislative enactment fixing a uniform rate of pay for government employees over a vast area. The scale is issued as a general order from the highest authority to all subordinates who hire and discharge these classes of employees. The positions themselves are well defined—there is but one man, and no chance to divide up his work among a set of helpers. The superintendent is not expected to pay less or to pay more, nor to change his force in order to get cheaper help. Years of experience have shown the railway brotherhoods that they can rely upon a promise so far removed as this one is from the ordinary treatment of labor as a commodity fluctuating upon demand and supply. A successful strike or threat is as good as a contract. Consequently, the brotherhoods do not go further and demand that irritating restriction so naturally resented by employers, the "closed shop."

But take the building trades. Here the cardinal principle of unionism is the refusal to work with non-union men. The employer is restricted to those who are willing to join the union and whom the union is willing to admit. Waiving questions of law and ethics, look at the economics. Here is an industry decentralized to the furthest extent. A general contractor agrees to put up a building. He lets out most of the work in ten to thirty sub-contracts by competition to the lowest bidders. These sub-

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contractors have little or no capital; their work is narrowly specialized; labor is their largest item of cost; they tend to become simply brokers on the labor market; their jobs last for but a few days or weeks; they hire men by the hour and lay them off on the half-hour, according to the weather or the supply of material or the progress of other trades. Here is the ideal labor market from the standpoint of demand and supply. It is like that of the bulls and bears in the wheat-pit, while railroad employment is like the market for postage-stamps. It is not surprising that building mechanics are extreme and peremptory in their restrictions. Their minimum wage would be impossible if labor could be thrown in and out of this market at the will of the struggling brokers. Hence their insistence on the one great restriction that supports all others—the closed shop. Their members they can control—they can fine, suspend, or expel the one who works for less than the minimum. But if the contractor is free to employ the expelled members, their discipline is gone. The contractor who can import and hire outsiders can get the contracts, and the others must do the same or lose the business. Sentiment is excluded, and the benevolent contractor must come down to the level of the lowest. Under these conditions the closed shop restriction is the necessary protection of the minimum wage.

Take machinery and the division of labor. The superficial effects of their introduction are well known. They increase the production of goods and decrease the cost. But there lurk in this statement two entirely opposite effects. One is the increase in the output of the workman, the other is the substitution of cheap labor. Perhaps no mechanical invention has worked a greater revolution than the invention of the linotype in the printing trade. It has increased the speed of the operator at least fivefold. But it made possible a three months' apprenticeship of girls in place of a three years' apprenticeship of boys. Yet this substitution did not occur in newspaper offices, because the Typographical Union was able to prevent the introduction of women. Consequently men were transferred to the machine, reducing their hours of labor from ten or twelve to seven and one-half or eight per day and increasing their wages. At the same time the cost of composition was reduced eighty per cent., and the size of papers was increased and their price was reduced. The benefit of the invention was thus distributed among the four parties to the transaction—to the inventor in royalties and dividends, to the publisher in profits, to the public in prices, and to the printer in wages. Thus the machine came in on its merits as a means of increasing speed and not as a means of substituting cheap labor.

The cigar-making machines are different. They increase the rate of output not more than fifty per cent., and there are good cigar-makers whose speed on hand work is equal to that of the machine. The profit on these machines has come from the substitution of girls at $7 for men at $18. These machines come into the trade not as labor-saving but as wage-saving devices. The benefit goes to the inventor, the manufacturer, and the consumer, but not to the workman. The Cigar-makers' Union has resisted them, and, though permitting its members to work on them, refuses to grant the union label to manufacturers using them. It may be said that the union made a mistake and should have welcomed these inventions as the printers welcomed the linotype. But there is a difference between welcoming a machine that lightens your work and welcoming one that takes your job. And the public, which, in its desire for cheap products, sees no distinction between an invention that shares its benefits with the workmen and one that makes their daughters their own competitors, is not a disinterested critic of the workman's restrictions on machinery. The linotype in newspaper offices is an exception to the rule. Skilled workmen in general have seen machinery and division of labor make way for girls and immigrants. The union opposition has been a losing fight. They have the consolation of cheaper products, but this they cannot realize if they are displaced by cheaper labor.

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So much for the introduction of machinery. When once introduced, instances may be found where unions stand in the way of their unrestricted output. These restrictions apply, however, to machines whose speed depends mainly on the work of the operator, and not to automatic machines. Thus the machinists' union hold to the one-man-one-machine tradition of the craft, but they interpret their rule to apply only where the machine requires constant attention. The disagreement with the employer grows out of the fact that this line of division is indefinite, and is continually moving forward as machines become more automatic. The bituminous mine workers hedge the undercutting machines about with many rules, limiting the number of "runs" in a day, limiting the number of hours per day, increasing the number of men to the machine, and reducing the differential between the price per ton for pick mining and the price for machine mining. These rules tend to transfer much of the benefit of machinery to the wage-earner, giving him more wages for less work. They also restrict the introduction of the machines by lessening the profits on them, but this must necessarily occur to a certain extent in any case if the gain of a machine is shared with the wage-earner. Some of the miners' restrictions are unjustifiable, because they go further than needed for this purpose.

Doubtless the most familiar and widespread criticism of unions is the one that they hold back the ambitious and energetic workman and prevent him from making the most of his abilities. I have examined a large number of cases where this charge is made, and have usually found that it is one half of the truth. The other half is in the circumstances of modern industry which take away from the more energetic workman the fruits of his energy and drive the slower workman beyond the point of endurance. In the first place, the criticism is seldom made by employers whose emphasis is on the quality of their product. Such employers are sometimes found to encourage the union, and even openly to agree with it, in limiting the amount of work to be done in a given time. If they can succeed in this, they can increase the expenses of their competitors who emphasize quantity instead of quality. In the building trades the "legitimate" builder often looks with favor on the union rules which restrict the speed of workmen employed by the "speculative" builder. The limitation seldom affects his own work, because men cannot do good work if they hurry. A similar division between employers is found in the clothing trade, in pottery, and in almost every trade where the quality of the work depends on the care of the workman and not on automatic machinery. Even in non-union establishments the same is true. The manufacturer of a widely advertised cigar prohibits his girls from earning more than seven dollars a week, when the best of them could earn ten or more at the piece rates paid. In these cases the restriction on output is necessary if the manufacturer cares to uphold the reputation of his product.

The illustration shows the double meaning of terms when we speak of the "ambitious," the "capable," or the "skillful" workman. "Ability" may mean ability to reach a high speed and thus turn out a great quantity of product, or it may mean ability to improve and to maintain a good quality of work. Modern industry, with its world market, its stress of competition, and its lack of responsibility to the consumer, has run to cheap products, low costs, and enormous speed of workmanship. A partial reaction is occurring, as seen in laws against adulteration, and in the large development of proprietary goods and advertised trade-marks, and there is a sentimental reaction in the arts and crafts movement. This is from the standpoint of the consumer and the manufacturer. From the standpoint of the workman the reaction appears in the effort to restrict speed.

It is minute division of labor and extreme specialization that have brought forth this high speed of modern industry. The skilled mechanic who turns from one operation to another may be competent, but he is not expeditious. When his work is split up and specialized, two important changes occur. Wages are changed from a time basis to a piece

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basis, and the foreman can inspect the quality of output. Piece rates intensify the workman's motive to exertion by keeping the reward always in sight, and employers are surprised to find that the output is increased far beyond what they thought was possible. The men's earnings are often doubled and trebled; and the employer, ignorant of industrial psychology, concludes that they had been cheating him. He "cuts" the piece rate. But the men exert themselves still more, and then comes another cut, and so on. In a large establishment, with twenty thousand or more piece rates, the workmen learned from a remark of the proprietor and the acts of the foreman that, no matter how much they exerted themselves, they could not expect to earn more than $2.65 a day. In one department of seventy men there were four ambitious ones who paid no heed to the hint, but strove to increase their earnings far above that limit. The foreman used them as a gauge on the others, and when he found a piece on which their earnings were excessive he cut the rate for all. At last the others organized a union, compelled these four to join, and adopted a rule that no man should earn more than $3 a day. All of them began to earn about $2.98 a day. Then the employer cried out that the union restricted output, which was one-half the truth, for they had both increased the output and restricted it. The restriction began with the employer.

This is not an exceptional case. It is an old story, and ought not to need repetition; but I have heard a great employer deny, in the presence of a large audience, that the piece rates in his establishment had been cut, when I knew of my own observation that it had been done under circumstances similar to the above—so ignorant and far removed from their workmen are the heads of great corporations. I am not defending restriction of output, much less denying it; I am explaining it. Unions are often compelled to resort to it, and in some cases, like the one above, they are organized for that purpose alone. The policy is forced on them in self-protection, at first against their wishes, but afterwards accepted as something so self-evident that they do not recognize it as a restriction. As long as industry is conducted on prevailing standards, unions will spring up, will restrict or regulate output, will be "smashed," and will again spring up. The prevailing standards really crush ambition, except for the very few who can become foremen, by holding up a reward and then snatching it away as soon as the workman is able to reach it. Instead of appealing to ambition, such standards rely on coercion; and employers are prone to mistake the feverish energy of unorganized workmen for loyalty when it is really fear. In times of prosperity the speed of both union and non-union workmen is less than in periods of depression. The whip of unemployment rather than the hope of reward is the inducement offered by business methods.

There is another fact of some significance regarding restrictions. Nearly all of the typographical unions have removed restrictions on the output of the linotype machine, but there remain a few "locals" which limit their members to one-half or two-thirds of the unrestricted speed. In visiting some of the restricted newspaper offices I was surprised to see gray-haired men. This suggested a comparison of ages, and the returns from a dozen offices showed that in the unrestricted offices only two per cent. of the operators were over fifty years of age, while in the restricted offices fifteen to twenty per cent. were over fifty. The census of the Government Printing Office shows twenty-two per cent. of the employees over fifty, and two per cent. over seventy years of age—a proportion about the same as that of the male population at large. This grievance arises from every industry conducted on modern principles. Wage-earners are at their highest mark of earning ability between the ages of twenty and forty. Above the latter age, when the professional or business man is just entering his prime, the wage-earner is declining and soon is discharged or transferred to lighter and less remunerative work. He must give way to a younger man who can keep up with the pace. But trade union and civil service restrictions protect him. Freed

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from over-exertion in his earlier years, he holds on in the advanced years. These facts will be viewed differently according as our standard is production or distribution. May it not be that some future generation will look back with gratitude on the heresy that justifies restriction of output?

Some of the foregoing restrictions are supported by irritating shop rules which interfere with the employer's efforts to improve his plant and management. In the interest of industrial progress and the increase of production, the employer should have a free hand in these particulars. But there is one form of restriction that is free from this objection—namely, restriction on the hours of labor per day. Here is the logical line of compromise. The bricklayers have recognized this principle perhaps more than any other American union, for they have yielded to the employer on nearly all points of management and have concentrated their demands on high rates for short hours. Compared with the London bricklayer at twenty cents an hour for nine hours, the New York bricklayer at seventy cents for eight hours is the cheaper workman; for not only is his exertion much greater, but his employer has specialized his work, has arranged an unremittent flow of brick and mortar, and lays him off at any half-hour. Not a minute of his precious time is wasted, nor a stroke of his arm permitted to lag. What is true of the bricklayers is true approximately of most American unions, compared at least with their European brothers. By restricting the hours the employer gets unrestricted output per hour.

A LITTLE STORY OF A CHILD

BY MARGARET WALDO HIGGINSON

WHEN I first saw Lily, she sat in a corner of a waiting-room playing with an old box and a ragged piece of lace. She wore no stockings and there were many holes in her shoes. Her hair fell limply around her white little face, and her dress was almost rags. I watched her as she played with the old box and the lace. First she spread the lace out on her lap and smoothed all the creases out of it. Then she folded it up neatly and carefully and put it inside the box, where she looked at it very affectionately and fingered it lovingly. Soon she took it out again and tried to cover the box with it, pulling the edges together to make them meet; then she rocked it to and fro in her hands like a cradle. She kept looking inside the box, and I suppose she imagined she saw a doll or a baby there. All this time she was absolutely self-absorbed; her poor shabby little feet swung happily above the dirty floor, and she even began to croon a queer sort of lullaby. But suddenly consciousness seemed to come over her, and she looked up at intervals—shyly at the people sitting about waiting for their cars, a little shamefacedly almost, and a little frightened at the garrulous newsboys near her in the corner. She seemed to take a tighter hold upon the box, and I thought she was afraid the rough boys would want to rob her of her treasures. But she still kept on playing, the same things repeated, and when my car came she was again all absorbed in her make-believe.

When I saw Lily next, she came to the Settlement House with her mother, and afterwards I heard from a neighbor the child's sad little history. The mother was stone deaf, and had epileptic fits often, it was said. She also had a high temper—with accompaniments. The father was half-witted and peddled pins. There was a new baby which had been born in the insane part of the almshouse, where the mother had been at that time. In this environment the little girl Lily had been sent into the world to grow up and to unfold her own individuality.

Lily grew fond of me, and began to confide some of her shy little soul to me. She would even allow me to touch her

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after a time, for at first it was pitiful to see the way she shrank. She always thought it was going to be a blow, I suppose, poor child! She finally used to tell me about peddling pins with her father all day and sometimes through the evening.

"I don't mind it in the day," she would say in her soft little voice that always had a note of fear in it, "but at night there are so many rough men, and I have to sit on the doorstep, sometimes it seems so long, while my father goes inside."

She did not say inside where, but one could easily tell.

"And some days we don't make any money at all," she said, sadly, "and my feet get tired sometimes."

Could one wonder, peddling pins all day, and only eight years old!

One night at ten o'clock the bell rang, and Lily's father was at the door. He had evidently been drinking, as usual.

"Is Lily here?" he said, dully.

She had not been there all day, and I said so.

"Why don't you go and find her?" I asked, indignantly. "How can you let her be out alone at this time of night?"

The man murmured something about guessing he would go and look for her if she didn't get home by twelve o'clock. She had been peddling pins with him in East Boston that afternoon, he said; he didn't know any more. And he went lumbering off in his drunken, idiot way.

Lily got home somehow, for she came to me the next morning, looking whiter and thinner than usual, and very reticent about the evening before.

"Is there anything you could get me to do, ma'am?" she said; "any work?"—this child of eight.

"But you are away usually all day with your father," I said.

"Oh, but I could do something in the evening—that is, when my father don't want me, or, anyway, I could early in the morning. You see, I have to get money for my mother," and she hung her gentle head and would not look at me. That was all she would say, and she was a forlorn little figure as she went down and out into the street.

A few days later the blow fell. A policeman came and told me that he had arrested Lily at twelve o'clock the night before, having had his eye on her for some time.

"She hung around in front of the stalls," he said; "she would seem to be trying to get up courage to steal something, but she always looked so scared like and as if she couldn't bring herself to it. As soon as she'd see me she'd move on. There's something wrong at home, ma'am, I've heard, so we're going to turn her over to the society with the long name.[1]

I hurried down to see the poor child, and found her sitting very still and white, with a dreadful look of despair on the little brow. When she saw me, the floodgates broke and she put her head in my lap and sobbed. Sobbing like that always seems to me to be telling a story through the ups and downs of its sad cadences; a story without words, but almost as intelligible. So I saw what this frail child had been living through of late. At last the sobs quieted, and the little confession began to creep out in words.

And this was it. Her mother had every evening been driving her out into the hall of the tenement. "She pushed me out," Lily said, pitifully, "and she locked the door so I couldn't get in." Then she told me how cold the hall was, and that she had sat there with so little on, waiting till her mother would let her in. Finally, one night her mother opened the door and called to her to go out into the street. "She said, 'Go and get me some money'"—Lily whispered it. "'I don't care how you get it; beg, steal, anything, but don't you come back to this house without a dollar or you'll sleep out all night.'" Then the woman had slammed the door in her face.

Lily began to weep stormily after this, and it was some time before she quieted down and could go on talking.

"So I used to go out," she said; "but I couldn't get a dollar. How could I? I looked at the stalls all lighted up, and I thought, if only I could steal I could sell the things again and get the money;

[1] The familiar abbreviation for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

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but something always seemed to stop me. Once I got my hand half stretched out for some fruit, but something just seemed to pull it back. So when I got home, my mother, she'd give me a beating. Then last night the policeman got me. Oh, ma'am, it's a dreadful thing to have a policeman get you! What will they do to me—send me to prison? But I haven't done anything!" and the sad little voice rose in a wail.

The poor heart beat up against mine, and the tears dropped fast on the shabby dress. I felt quite like crying myself, it was all so pitiful, but I told her that she would be very happy now, because she would be sent to the country, where she had never been, and where people would be kind to her.

"For always?" she asked.

"Till you are grown up," I said.

Then she grew very quiet, and seemed to be thinking a good deal.

"And will I not have to be out at night in the cold?"

"No," I said.

"Or peddle pins?"

"No," I said.

Then she smiled.

It was a warm day in late spring that I went out to see Lily first. The sun shone very brightly, and the apple-blossoms were just beginning to show their pink. The grass and the warm earth sent up delicious fragrance, and bees were humming above the buttercups and daisies.

I found little Lily sitting in a field with some other children, her hands full of flowers. It was beautiful to see the soft light of happiness in her eyes, but the thinness and pallor of her face were more striking than usual. She was very gentle to the other children, and seemed rather a thing apart from their boisterous play.

There is not very much more to tell. I went to see my little friend from time to time, but as the weeks went on she seemed to grow more languid. The unexplained wistfulness on the small face went to my heart.

So the child, so young in years yet so old in suffering, used to sit through the long summer days in a miniature invalid's chair, out in the sunshine. The other children came to her from their play with their hands full of flowers, and she used to sit there holding them lovingly, till the warmth of the sun withered them and fresh ones were brought to her. She loved, too, to hear the birds sing and the leaves rustle in the wind.

Once her mother came to the Settlement House, and asked me, with a half-sheepish look, where Lily was, but I did not tell her. It seemed best not to have the old wound touched in the child's heart, but to let the quiet sunshine soothe her little life away.

And in early autumn, when most of the flowers she loved had faded, and the songs of the birds were all hushed, and the trees were beginning to flame scarlet and gold along the roads, she died, very sweetly and quietly, with a smile on her face—a smile that had so seldom been there through the tragedy of her short life. We found a few asters and fall crocuses, and put them into her hands, and thought, as Browning wrote to the dead "Evelyn Hope,"

> "You will wake, and remember, and understand."

Hers was a misplaced soul, strayed from its path during its transit to earth from the far zone where it was made. Always straining at its leashings, always struggling against the inevitable something it was too young to understand, the soul stayed pure through the sordidness of its surroundings, and when it passed back to the Hand from whence it came, it must have been protected by a shaft of the sunshine that was meant to be its birthright. As I puzzled over the meaning of it all—the justice of it—the seeming wastefulness of the suffering little life—those words came to me, written by that shy soul whose knowledge of life was so small yet at the same time so profound:

> "I shall know why, when time is over,
> And I have ceased to wonder why;
> Christ will explain each separate anguish
> In the fair school-room of the sky."

And in that School-room—a place where she never was on earth—I hope my little friend will be waiting for me.

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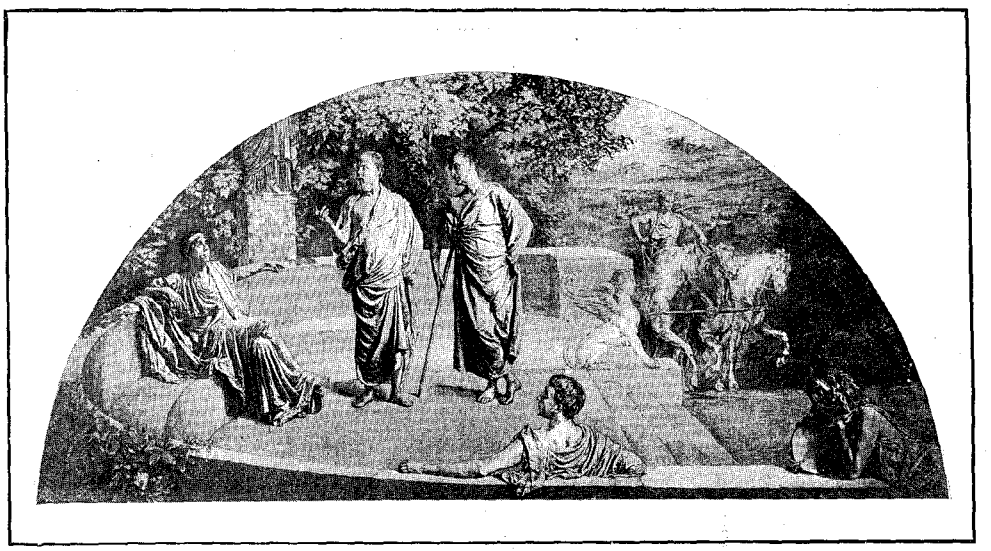

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SOCRATES AND HIS FRIENDS
A decoration in the Minnesota State Capitol at St. Paul

JOHN LA FARGE

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

SOME years ago, in the course of an address upon matters of architectural interest, Mr. La Farge spoke of a broad principle underlying his decorative work in Trinity Church at Boston. "I have always been impressed," he said, "by one great quality, never failing in the work of the past that we care for. It may be bungling, like some of the Romanesque, for instance, or it may be extremely refined, like the Greek; but it is never like our usual modern work, which suggests machinery—that is to say, the absence of personality. I knew that our work at Trinity would have to be faulty, but this much I was able to accomplish—that almost every bit of it would be living, would be impossible to duplicate." It is a fine profession of faith, and Mr. La Farge has lived up to it, filling a long life with works of art which are nothing if not expressions of personality, living, and impossible to duplicate. I have never seen anything of his, a drawing, a water-color study of a flower, a great mural decoration, or a stained-glass window, without a sense as of being in contact with an original force. His career, like that of every great artist, has its monuments, tangible certifications to this or that stage of organic development. Yet it is not easy to think of these first, to work from the art to the artist; rather does one think of La Farge the man, and then of the things he has done, the outgivings of a central source, in itself greater than any of its single productions. The biographies of some artists are to be written with a certain system. They were born at such and such times. They studied under such and such masters. They did this and that. They died. You cannot write of La Farge in this fashion. To follow his career is to pursue the subtle changes of a temperament, the adventures of a mind, the manifestations of a spirit too complex to be interpreted with the aid of a list of dates and places. For one thing, there is so much in him besides the genius of a painter.

In his youth, when circumstances left

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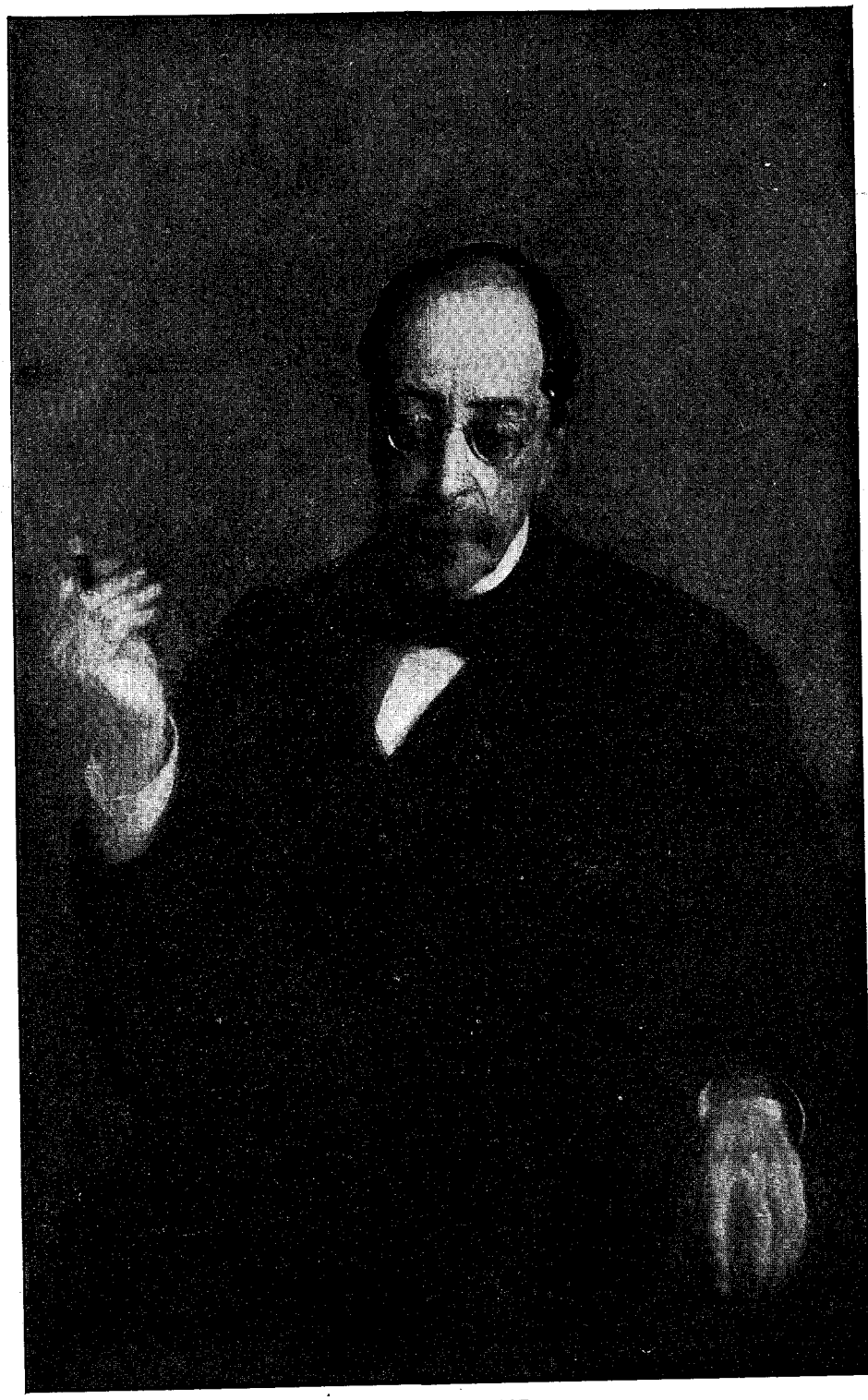

JOHN LA FARGE
From a painting by Wilton Lockwood

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him singularly free to choose a vocation, he was uncertain as to just what to decide upon. His father, a French soldier settled in America after a romantic career, sent him to Paris in the fifties. His education at home, in so far as it had looked toward the selection of a profession at all, had taken a legal turn, and it was with no idea of using the brush as a means of livelihood that he entered the studio of Couture. Art was then to La Farge simply one of many springs contributory to the general culture which was desired as a matter of course by so rich a temperament. He did not stay long under Couture's wing. He turned from the routine of instruction to the copying of the drawings of the old masters. He traveled, and wherever he went he used his brains as well as his eyes and hand. By the time he returned to New York he had made so little progress in the solution of his destiny that he took up once more the study of the law. But meanwhile he went on thinking, feeling his way toward the natural expression of his gifts. There was little in the American art of that period to give him inspiration, but I doubt if this made any serious difference to him. He had to work out his problem for himself, and he would appear to have done so in reflective mood, little by little developing his inborn taste for the beautiful until interest in it became a passion and he found himself a painter. He has made a striking confession of the hesitancy with which he embraced the profession in which he was to find so much happiness and so many honors. "No one has struggled more against his destiny than I," he has said, "nor did I for many years fully acquiesce in being a painter, though I learned the methods and studied the problems of my art. I had hoped to find some other mode of life, some other way of satisfying the desire for a contemplation of truth, unbiased, free, and detached." How unlike the usual stories of artistic precocity all this seems! No overpowering delight in drawing for its own sake, but a steadily increasing absorption in it as an instrument of grave potentialities. No rebellion against the prose of life, but a gradual, half-shrinking initiation into its poetry. No sudden leap into the arena with a well-understood aim and a glad confidence in speedy triumph, but a thoughtful testing of powers the full significance of which was scarcely suspected, and then a curiously mature application of them to ends almost philosophical in the depth and nobility of their character. He was born in 1835, and since that date, as we all know, American art has passed through many phases. It has been made and remade; and, for example, something like an immeasurable gulf lies between the sort of thing that most of our painters are doing now and the sort of thing that our school was doing when La Farge was a young man. But he was then much what he is now, an artist with style in his blood.

One of the earliest of his paintings is a landscape executed at Newport, a study of sunlight called "Paradise Valley." William Hunt, coming back to America from a long stay at Barbizon, had brought with him something of the naturalistic method developed by the famous group associated with that place, and his example was of value to La Farge. It served to counteract the ideas with which the younger man was tentatively playing as the result of his observations among the English Pre-Raphaelites. Hunt went for breadth, and La Farge followed in his footsteps. The "Paradise Valley," therefore, marks at once a departure from the excessively close analysis of the Hudson River School, then predominant. But it is interesting to note the detachment of the painter of this picture. Hunt has aided him, but only inasmuch as he has helped him to clarify his thoughts; there is nothing of Hunt in the "Paradise Valley." On the contrary, what impresses you most is the freshness of the impression, the strong, workmanlike character of the design, and the individuality, the distinction, with which the artist stamps his reading of Nature. The picture is utterly free from that old-fashioned atmosphere which belongs to so many American landscapes executed forty years ago. Its vitality is such that it might hang in perfect harmony side by side with a landscape illustrating all that Claude Monet and his fellows have had to teach their generation. Is it its truth

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alone that thus preserves the charm of this painting? I think not; I think it is that accent of fine feeling, of intellectual strength, of style, without which realism is but a delusion and a snare. It is difficult to imagine La Farge as ever having been troubled by those doubts on the question of subject which have so frequently assailed his juniors. Whatever he has painted has been saturated automatically in the quality of his mind. He has brought precisely the same emotion to the painting of a bit of still life that he has brought to the painting of a vast religious composition. Obviously, more ideas go to the making of the one than to the making of the other, but the essential thing in both is a deep feeling for beauty. One of the interesting things about La Farge's career is that it has never been confined to a specific channel. When he was painting the "Paradise Valley," he was making studies of the figure, and at no time since has it been possible rigidly to classify his art. We shall see how this breadth of scope comes out superbly sometimes within the limits of one piece of work. If you put aside surface considerations, there are points of kinship between La Farge and Ruskin. He makes me think of the great Englishman in that his artistic character is so many-sided, in that he allows his conception of art to be colored by so many influences. Not Nature and paint alone count in the evolution of his work, but life in all its aspects, literature, science, religion, all the things that nourish a man's soul. Without allowing it for a moment to lead him into obscurity, he has been somehow in the very texture of his work more of a metaphysician than any painter we have ever had. You feel that, no matter what his subject, he has thought about it as he has painted it.

How true this is we see when we study the varied performances of his early manhood. The character of his landscape work has already been indicated. In portraiture he disclosed the same new and personal note. His heads are well constructed, his modeling is full of energy, but what you think of first is the dignity with which he portrays his sitter, the grip on character which he possesses. Look again at his drawings, his illustrations, and observe the difference between them and the works of our latter-day clever young men who flood the magazines. I have heard a veteran editor complain of the difficulty of getting a certain type of illustrator to "give good measure" in his work. He deplored the tendency to throw two or three figures into a group without any real care for the dramatic point at issue, without any effort to re-create the spirit of the scene. This was never La Farge's way. In such a design of his as "The Wolf Charmer" there is not a line which does not vibrate with the eerie poetry of the motive. When he has painted water-lilies in their exquisite purity, or the flaming hibiscus of the South Sea islands, he has gone in the same way to the heart of his material. I have often thought that if such a type were conceivable as a La Farge restricted to one field of artistic representation, he might have made himself the most remarkable flower painter in history. We have had, in the past, makers of incomparably delicate drawings of plant life like Albrecht Dürer and Leonardo, but the true portraiture of flowers in their atmosphere as well as in their structure has very rarely engaged the faculties of great artists. They have used flowers decoratively, or, like Diaz, they have painted them for their color alone. For La Farge flowers have veritably lived and breathed, and he has raised them as a pictorial motive to a higher power. The flowers of Fantin-Latour have a witchery of their own, but they seem dusty, a little faded and conventional, beside La Farge's. These bring us back to the intellectual element in his art, to his way of making painting so much more than mere imitation; but they bring us also to one of the great secrets of his mastery, his genius for color.

This genius of his declared itself at the outset more in the purity and balance of his work than in any brilliance. But in the course of time he revealed a special predilection for rich, glowing tones. Partly this may have come from his interest in stained glass, to which we shall recur, but I think it is chiefly to be ascribed to innate feeling. Experi-

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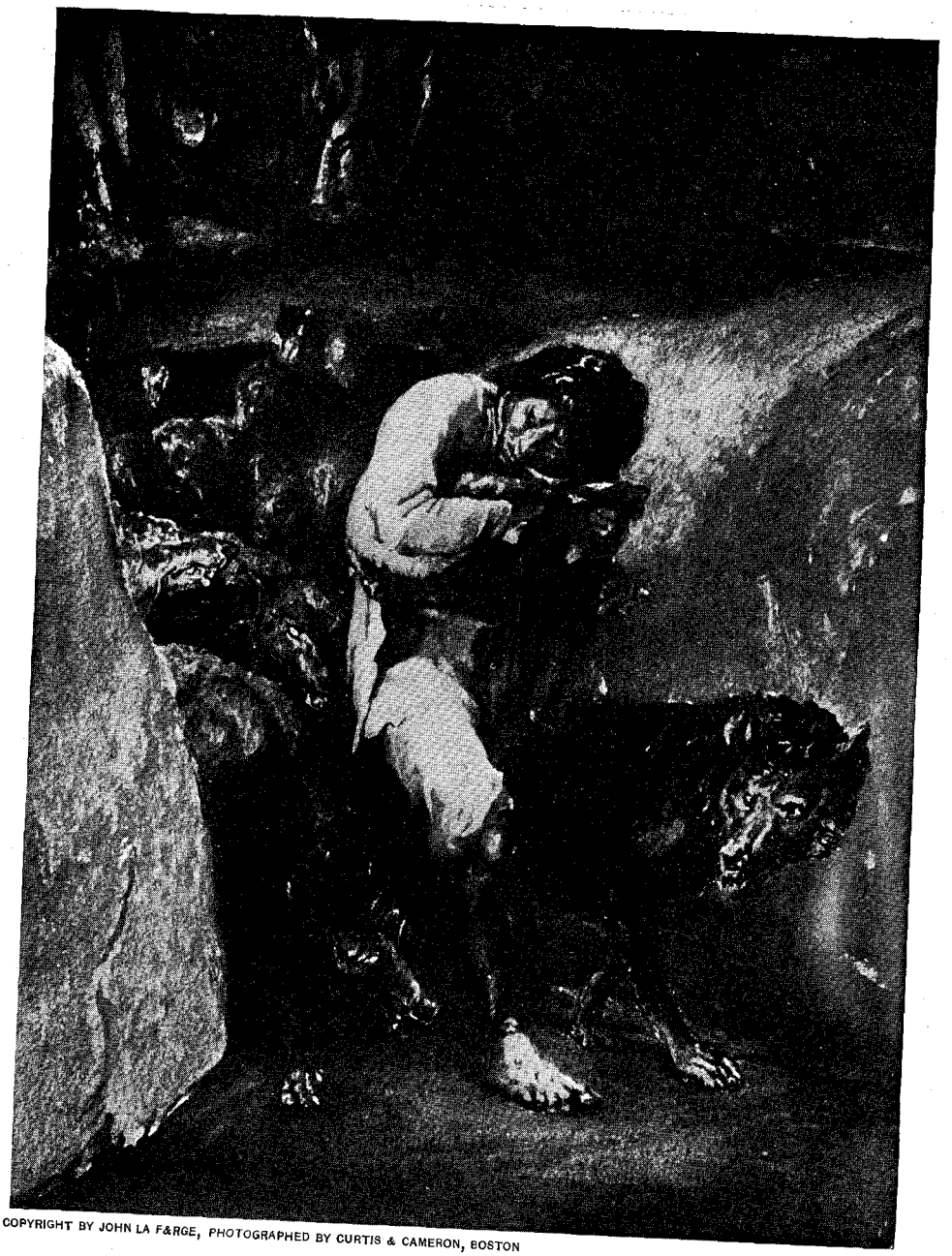

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THE WOLF CHARMER

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THE WATSON MEMORIAL WINDOW AT BUFFALO

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ence, travel, have confirmed his natural taste. Important episodes in his career have been visits to Japan and the Pacific islands—visits abounding in opportunities for delight in luxuriant vegetation, glorious blossoms, and, indeed, an infinite variety of things making an enchanting appeal to the eye. Readers of The Century will recall with what keen appreciation La Farge filled his Letters from the Orient. Temples and trees, statues and waterfalls, peasants and skies, all touched his imagination and stirred his instinct for beauty. One could see from the letters how these things plunged him into reverie. One could see from his water-colors, which were reproduced with the letters, and were also visible in exhibitions, how his color sense had risen to the height of the artist's opportunity. In the Southern Pacific he was spurred to even finer efforts. In the first place, the life in the islands took him captive with its artless grace. I have heard him talk on many subjects, and La Farge is an extraordinary talker, but I have never known him more interesting than when relating some of his experiences at the "court" of Mataafa. He painted the natives with a sympathy giving him a wonderful insight into their character, he got their movement into his pictures, and how he got the splendor of color in their bronzed forms placed against the massy greens of the tropics! He brought the landscape of those romantic islands to our doors, peopled, not with "models," but with men and women, with true human beings, and merely as a historical record his collection of South Sea impressions is priceless. Furthermore, it is magnificent in beauty, in its atmosphere, in its color.

We have seen how La Farge's technique is always animated by feeling and by ideas, how he is never the thoughtless, sensuous craftsman, but the man for whom even the most casual episode of artistic execution is fraught with a serious meaning. The story of his career as a worker in stained glass brings out still another phase of character—the practical. In all his other activities the tools were ready to his hand, and he had only to perfect himself in the manipulation of them. When he began to make windows, many years ago, he had almost literally to invent a new language of artistic expression, to create the very substances with which to gain his effects. He has himself described the situation confronting him. "There were no good painters on glass, even of a fairly low degree, and the choice of glass was extremely limited. We received here only the poorer and less artistic samples of material, the better being carefully culled by the good European workers, and, moreover, as all importations were commercial, they were made, as they are always made, to appeal to the largest and widest mediocrity of taste." The reader may imagine how discouraging this must have been, but I wonder if even this pregnant passage will tell the whole story to those who are wholly unfamiliar with the processes of stained glass. It is a simple enough matter to make your design in colors. The full-sized cartoon that follows is also well within the range of an ordinarily competent artist. But let no one think that this settles the task, that all that remains is to put the drawings into the hands of the workmen. Suppose, for example, that an indispensable factor in the scheme is a mass of blue, a blue modulated with careful reference to the colors beside it. With the best will in the world, the manufacturer may turn your blue into a hideous purple. It is one thing to get the color you want when you are working with brush and pigment; it is quite another when you are making glass. However, you and your workmen try to do the best you can. You try to strike the right note by placing one sheet of glass over another, making perhaps hundreds of experiments before the stubborn material takes the light in just the successful way and yields just the desired tone. Even now the problem may be far from a perfect solution. The lead lines are a source of desperate anxiety, for they must form the very bones of the construction of the scheme, and they must at the same time contribute to the purely pictorial effect. I have seen stained-glass windows in the making, and the spectacle has given me a deeper conception of the value of patience. Mr. La Farge not only has

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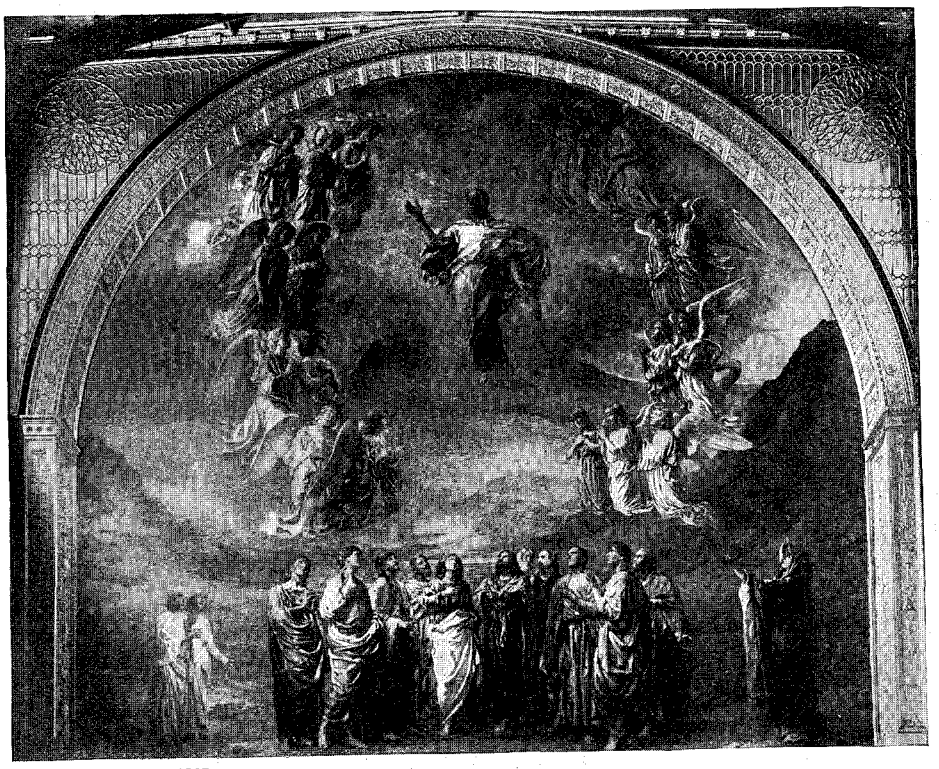

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THE ASCENSION
In the Church of the Ascension, New York

that virtue, but he knows how to wake ambition in the bosom of a workman, and by heroic labor he managed to transform the art of stained glass in America.

A whole volume might be written on his work in this field. It has embraced all kinds of windows, from entirely formal designs on a small scale to large and elaborate compositions illustrating religious and secular ideas. La Farge is a decorator if he is anything, and when he interested himself in stained glass he seized at once upon the essential style of mural decoration. He was bold and simple in his treatment of color, he used a certain dignity and sweep in the treatment of form. In the broad style alone of his windows he ushered in a new era, his figures fixing, as regards attitude and gesture and the arrangement of draperies, a standard which made the stained-glass figures of our other designers look feeble and finical. He could not do all that he wanted to do at once. It took time to increase the variety of the glass available and to improve its quality. It took time to train up a new kind of workman, one who would enable the artist to put his individuality into a window as he might put it upon a canvas. The first windows La Farge made do no more than foreshadow the glorious things he was ultimately to put forth. But even these earlier works have their charm, testifying to the originality which is in the very fiber of La Farge's artistic nature. As he went on his color burned with more romantic fire, his form became grander, and the windows of his maturity recall the best traditions of the ancient past, the golden age of the art. They have had a wide influence. Stained glass in this country has, through La Farge's efforts, been made a totally different thing from what it once was.

An artist who had done simply the things traversed in the foregoing pages might reasonably enough rest upon his laurels. La Farge has painted landscape and the figure, flowers and the sea; he has made stained-glass windows and he has drawn illustrations for poetry; and

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it must be remembered that the bulk of his work in all of these spheres save the last has been considerable. Yet we have still to touch upon paintings of his sufficient in themselves to give an artist lasting fame. I refer to his mural paintings, and more especially to one in New York and to a group executed for the new Capitol at St. Paul, Minnesota. "The Ascension," in the Church of the Ascension, offers a conclusive answer to the assertion that the art of Biblical illustration is dead. All that is needed is the inspiration, and that, as La Farge has shown, could come to an artist as well in the nineteenth century as in the fifteenth. In this great canvas filling, beneath a golden arch, all of the space above the altar, the risen Christ is painted with the sincerity that we are accustomed to look for only in the designs of the old masters. He is encircled by angels as he lifts his hand in benediction, and they, too, preserve the divine illusion, the secret of which had seemed to have died with the historic Italians. Beneath the central figure the awed watchers are grouped in a spacious valley, the boundaries of which are marked by mountains whose topmost heights are obscured by the clouds through which the Saviour ascends. Only one modern painter, Puvis de Chavannes, could have equaled this masterpiece; and though he might have compassed its majesty and its decorative unity, I am not sure that he could have reached quite its level in brilliance of color. I like to think that fate gave La Farge the chance to paint this decoration, to sum up as though in a mighty monument all of the treasures of his genius. It came to realization only after curious misadventures. Originally the composition was sketched for a stained-glass window, and then it nearly got itself embodied in an altar-piece by a famous American sculptor. When, finally, Mr. La Farge painted the canvas that we know, it seemed as though it must have been all along a matter of destiny—nothing could have held back the expression of this high spiritual ideal. The master of the figure, the poet of landscape, the impassioned colorist, the decorator pure and simple, and, above all, the lofty thinker, the imaginative

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WILD ROSES AND WATER-LILY

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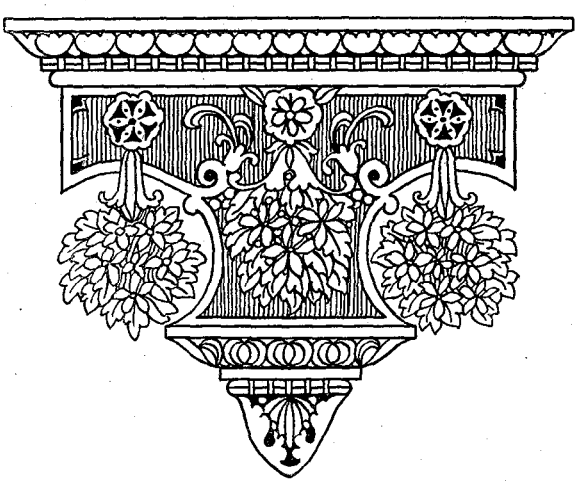
genius, gained in this picture the fullest sway, working as though moved by a single impulse to an inspired end. Is it not good to have work so noble done in America, to refresh the people and to be a beacon light in art?

In the decorations for St. Paul, which he has but recently completed, Mr. La Farge set out to illustrate four ideas appropriate to the adornment of a room dedicated to the sessions of the Supreme Court of the State. In the first, emblematic of the moral and divine law, he represented Moses on Mount Sinai. In the second of the big lunettes he dealt with the relation of the individual to the State, showing Socrates met with some of his friends in the open air for profound discussion. The third design referred to the recording of precedents, the central figure being Confucius, seated in a garden, and engaged with his disciples in the collation and transcription of documents. For his fourth panel, the motive of which was supplied by the idea of the adjustment of conflicting interests, the artist took his hero from French history, representing Count Raymond of Toulouse as swearing at the altar to observe the liberties of the city. The aim, in brief, was to crystallize the conception of the law in four massive compositions. To describe them in detail would be to go too far afield, and, indeed, is unnecessary to the present purpose. I have glanced briefly at the subjects treated to show along what impressive lines the artist worked out his plan of form and color. It remains only to add that in developing his compositions Mr. La Farge used, as he had used in "The Ascension," the grand style, the simple and stately method of a painter bent upon harmonizing his work with the solid forms of architecture. Again he has left an indelible mark upon American art, again he has shown the true path to his contemporaries and to those who will follow him. For there is a vital principle in what John La Farge does; it is "impossible to duplicate," but it is kindling, it touches you with its beauty, with its spiritual energy, and it stirs your mind. He has been generous of precept. To his pupils and to unnumbered listeners, on both public and private occasions, he has spoken freely of his mystery, and he has put much of the fruit of his theory and practice into two books, "Considerations on Painting" and "Great Masters," the latter a collection of essays on Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and others. But it is in his work that he teaches his most eloquent lessons—lessons of pure emotion, wisdom, and aspiration.



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THE JAMESTOWN COMMEMORATION 1607—1907

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER

THE history of expositions is not without interest. The advance along industrial, commercial, mechanical, scientific, educational, and artistic lines is never so demonstrated and so recognized as at one of the great world fairs, which presents in a small space the evidences of improvement and development from time to time. But while the value of an exposition from this point of view is not underestimated, its novelty is a little worn, and it will be noticed that when the people of Virginia began to discuss the advisability of calling the attention of the world to the event which has had the most profound and far-reaching effect of any enacted for many centuries, they refused from the beginning any consideration of a plan which would be a repetition of other expositions. The reasons for this decision were many. Among them first was one of sentiment. They wished the celebration of so significant an event as the birth of the American Nation to possess those features which would distinguish it from all other expositions; and it was thought more fitting to emphasize the historical, educational, and social sides of the occasion than the commercial and industrial, demonstrated as the latter have already been again and again, far more magnificently than Virginia could hope to do. And to this intention as a nucleus for development the promoters of the Jamestown Tercentennial have clung consistently from the very beginning of the enterprise.

That a great and powerful nation should have sprung from the little settlement made in 1607 on the banks of the James River, in the State named in honor of the Virgin Queen of England, would seem the fancy of a disordered brain did not fact assure it; and in appreciation of what this settlement has signified to the world it was decided, secondly, that its celebration should be of an international naval, marine, and military character, to be held in the vicinity of Jamestown, where the landing of the first settlers was made. And in pursuance of this desire the President of the United States, in the name of the American people and the Government which he represents, has invited

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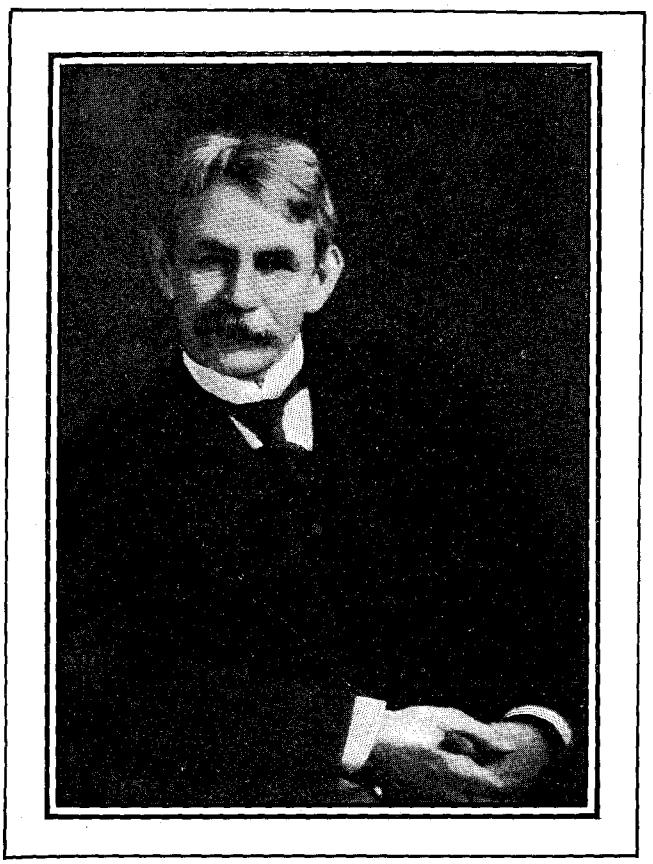
all the nations of the earth to take part in the commemoration of the event which has had so marked an effect on the course of human history, by sending their naval vessels to the said celebration and by making such representation of their military organizations as may be proper.

A third reason why no attempt will be made to imitate other expositions is that, the great expositions which have preceded it.

From this decision the question naturally arises, How can the Jamestown Exposition, which at best can hardly hope to expend over five million dollars in its creation, compare with the St. Louis World's Fair, which cost fifty million? And the answer of those interested in the former is the hope that the two will



THE HON. HARRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER
President of the Jamestown Exposition

even had there been desire, there would not have been money. It was realized by all that if the Jamestown Tercentennial could not have unique and characteristic features apart from the expenditure of great sums, it would be best to abandon the project altogether; and in view of that alternative every effort has been made from the first to advertise the fact that the celebration contemplated would be along lines entirely removed from those followed by the managers of be so different that a comparison will not be suggested.

In order to create interest in her Fair, St. Louis had to expend the sum designated by bringing to its site the attractions exhibited; but the site selected for the Jamestown Tercentennial is in the center of a section of country so full of historic association and alluring romance, and so replete with National interest, that it may well be considered an exhibition in itself.

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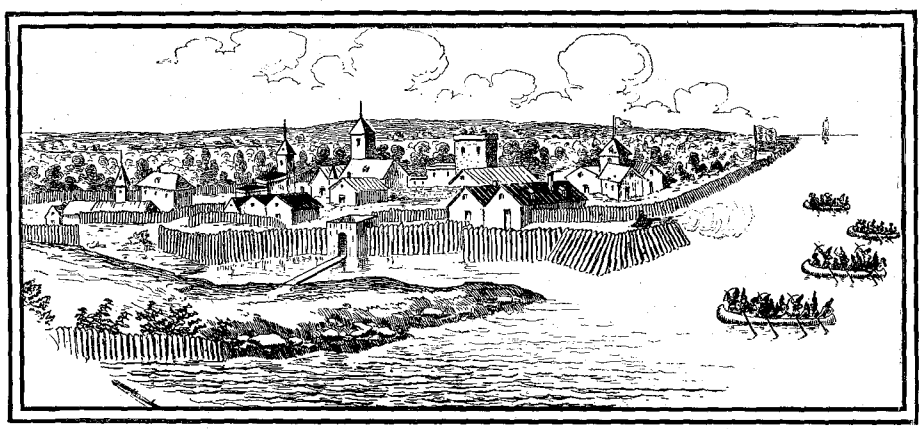
In its vicinity nature and man have combined to create a territory supremely attractive. The climate both in winter and in summer is pleasant; the extremes of temperature vary less from the average than in any other section of the Atlantic coast; and it is accessible to twenty-one millions of people within a radius of a twelve-hour trip, and to thirty-nine million within one of twenty-four hours.

The $5,000,000 to be expended by the management will be used for beautifying the site, adorning its water-front, and erecting the necessary buildings; but a competent statistician has estimated that the naval display of the United States alone will at no time show a money value of less than $100,000,000, or twice what the St. Louis Fair cost. The same officer has also stated that the entire foreign display on the water would represent twice one hundred million, or three hundred million for the whole naval rendezvous—six times the cost of the last big Exposition. The army exhibit of the Government—the cannons, the small arms, the horses, the equipment of the men—will be a costly one, and the ships of the merchant marine will be the best that can be gathered.

In conjunction with the navy and army displays there are permanent exhibitions of immense value within a half-hour's ride of the Exposition grounds. Just across Hampton Roads lies Fortress Monroe, the chief artillery post of the army, one of the best-equipped, best-fortified, and most picturesque forts in the world. It has been constantly enlarged and improved since the first palisade was erected in 1614, and to-day it shows for itself that millions have been spent upon it. Midway between Fortress Monroe and the Exposition are the Rip-Raps, an adjunct to the larger fortification, which before recent improvements were begun had already cost the Government twelve million dollars. At Jamestown proper it was, of course, impossible to hold an exposition such as was contemplated by the creators of the project, and when, after a friendly fight between the cities of Richmond and Norfolk—both of which fought earnestly to secure the Exposition—Norfolk won, it was agreed by all that she had the advantage of location, and her selection of a site has been satisfactory to the entire State. A ride of twenty-five minutes on an electric line from Norfolk takes one to the entrance of the grounds, and already are to be seen the evidences of thorough and skillful management in the preparations which have been made systematically and intelligently to prepare the place for later developments.



JAMESTOWN IN 1620

Situated directly on Hampton Roads, on a slight bluff with a water-front of several miles, the Jamestown Exposition will face the greatest collection of ships of all kinds ever assembled, perhaps, in the world's history, and it is fortunate for the nations who send them that the harbor where they will ride is the largest land-locked and protected anchorage on the Atlantic seaboard. Along its shores are splendid fields for military maneuvers.

A stone's throw across the water is

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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

POCAHONTAS

From the original portraits in the State Library, Richmond, Virginia

Old Point Comfort, with its great fort and fine hotels, and adjoining it Hampton, the oldest continuous English settlement in this country, where the first free school in America was established, and where is now located the Hampton Normal and Industrial School for Negroes and Indians. A little further on, where the mouth of the James empties into Hampton Roads, is Newport News, a few years ago but a historic name, now a city of many industries, among them one of the largest shipbuilding plants in America, where some of the finest battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and submarines in the navy have been built, and where the largest dry-dock in the world may be seen.

Within a radius of many miles there is hardly a foot of ground which the visitor to the Jamestown Exposition will tread that is not historic and full of vital interest to the student of colonial, Revolutionary, ante-bellum and post-bellum (1861–65) history; and even were there no features peculiar to expositions in general to be seen at the one to be held in 1907, time would be well spent in visiting a section of country so saturated with the blood and spirit of the fathers and so steeped in traditions of a time when life was as strenuous in another sense as it is to-day, and later full of the elegant leisure that gave men time to think and plan, and build for the Nation better than they knew.

To mention even some of the points of interest within easy reach of the site of the Exposition would take too much space, but a few appeal irresistibly, and the James River alone is worth a trip to see.

On either side of this beautiful river, now a narrow, winding stream, now a broad bosom of water from four to seven miles in width, stately colonial homes, the best examples of their kind in the country, perhaps, can be seen from the deck of the steamer which makes the trip from Richmond to Norfolk each day in the week except Sunday. And with gracious hospitality these homes are frequently open to visitors, who when they leave them feel indeed that they have had a glimpse into a past which makes the present crude despite its steam and electricity; and the days that are no more thrill with their memories.

Leaving Richmond by the river, on the way to the Exposition, one passes many points of singular interest, among them Varina, where Pocahontas lived after her marriage to John Rolfe; Curl's Neck, a splendid example of colonial architecture, enlarged and restored during the last century, and now known as

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the historic house of Malvern Hill, where one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War was fought; Shirley, the birthplace of Anne Carter, the wife of Light-horse Harry Lee and the mother of Robert E. Lee (the house was built in 1692); Berkeley, the birthplace of the first Benjamin Harrison, the ancestor of the two Presidents of that name; Sherwood Forest, the home of President Tyler; Westover, built in 1737, at one time containing the finest library in the country, the property of Colonel William Byrd, who was considered the most accomplished man in America; Upper and Lower Brandon, the latter still owned by the descendants of its builder; and on down until the landing at Jamestown is reached, where from the boat can be seen the tower of the old church. A few more miles and Old Point is in sight, and across from it the Exposition grounds.

Should one care to go by rail from Richmond to Old Point, however, the route will not be uninteresting, particularly if a stop-over is made at Williamsburg, to which the seat of government was moved from Jamestown in 1698, and where is to be seen the second oldest college in the country—William and Mary. And if time permits, Yorktown, a short distance from Williamsburg, should be visited also, for here stands the first custom-house ever opened in the United States, and here is to be seen the monument erected by the Government to mark the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington.

Reaching the Exposition from the Norfolk side, one can visit the Norfolk Navy-Yard, burned and blown up by the Federal troops in 1862 and rebuilt by the Confederates, where now three thousand men find steady employment, and where great ships for the service are built and repaired. From the same city a ride on an electric car will take the visitor to Virginia Beach, and to Cape Henry, where the Jamestown settlers first debarked, and where the lighthouse erected by Queen Anne still stands. A boat ride from Norfolk to the Exposition grounds enables one to pass the greatest

MALVERN HILL

"Where one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War was fought"

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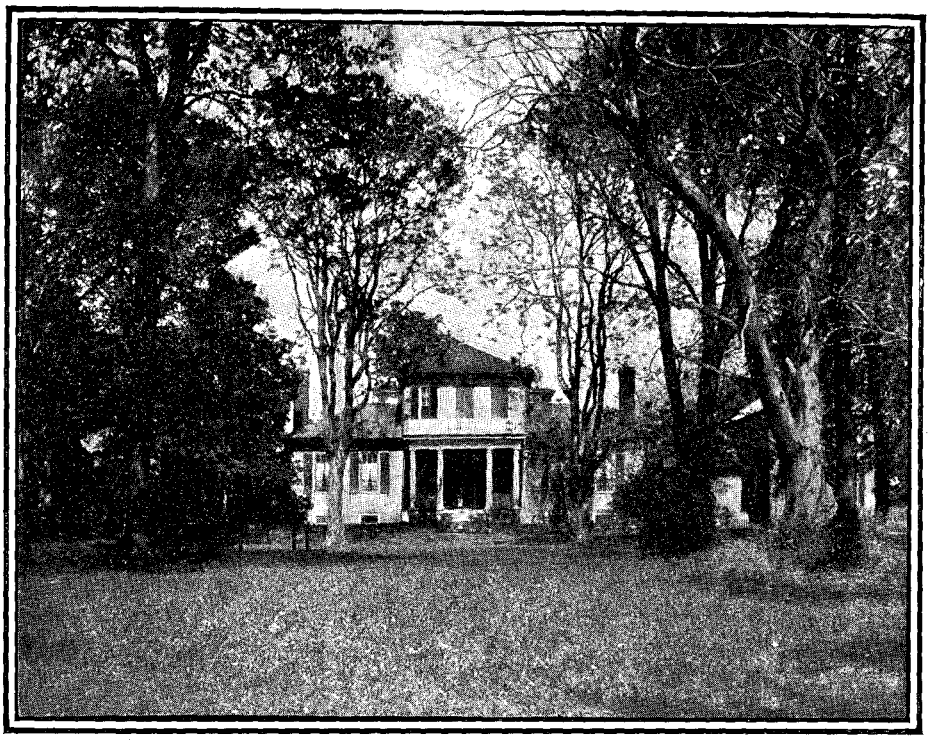

LOWER BRANDON
A splendid example of colonial architecture"

coal station of the United States navy, and it is not an unusual sight to see vessels from all parts of the world lying in Hampton Roads, awaiting their turn to be loaded with coal from the great piers at Lamberts Point. Just off the Exposition grounds in Hampton Roads was fought the great battle between the Merrimac (Virginia) and the Monitor, and the fortifications from which a land force of Confederates participated in this battle are on the Exposition grounds.

It will thus be seen that in a setting so historic it would be unfortunate to attempt other than an exposition historic in association and scope, and, with this end in view, everything of such a nature which can be secured for the Exposition will be exhibited. The buildings will form examples of our only historic architecture, the colonial, and persistent effort will be made to preserve the atmospheric harmony of intent and execution.

The promoters of the Exposition of 1907 were so fortunate as to secure as the President of the Jamestown Tercentennial General Fitzhugh Lee; but his death a short while after assuming the presidency made a second choice necessary. In the Hon. Harry St. George Tucker, of Virginia, the Tercentennial Company has found, however, a worthy successor to General Lee, and so cordial was Mr. Tucker's reception by the representatives of the different nations on his recent trip abroad in the interest of the Exposition that no doubt is felt as to their participation in 1907. Already England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Venezuela have formally accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to take part in the tercentennial celebration of the birth of a new nation, and it is expected that every other country of any consequence will do likewise.

The United States Government, on June 30, 1906, appropriated $1,325,000 for the Exposition. This amount, with the $250,000 appropriated on March 3, 1905 (in the bill in which the Government pledged itself to support the Exposition and invite the Governments of the world to participate), makes a total

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WESTOVER ON THE JAMES RIVER, BUILT IN 1737
"A stately colonial home"

appropriation by the Government of $1,575,000. With such an appropriation the Government will be represented as befits the Nation that must play host to the world at large, for the most striking feature of the Exposition will undoubtedly be the assembling of the warships of all nations which come to bring good wishes and congratulations to the country which has sprung from the little settlement that blazed the way for a triumph of democracy, and which has since grown into the richest Nation in all the world.

As earnest of their desire to participate in the celebration of an event with which National pride and personal inheritance and association connect them, many of the States of the Union have already appropriated large sums of money for proper State representation. And perhaps there will never be manifested a greater evidence of the unity of a people once divided but again united in the recognition of and loyalty to the great principles on which the country was founded than in this assembling of States to render homage to the parent stem from which so many of them sprang.

The first intention was to open the Exposition on May 13, 1907, the date of the landing at Jamestown; but the time has been changed to April 26, as it was on that date that the English settlers first debarked at Cape Henry, Virginia. And in the desire to celebrate fittingly the three-hundredth anniversary of that event as well as the tercentennial of the Jamestown settlement is found the reason for the change from May 13 to April 26, which change also permits of a longer season for the Exposition.

Although the opening is thus some distance off, the grounds have been put in good shape, and much preliminary work has been done. The preparations made by the management have been thorough. They have so arranged their streets and laid their pipes that none of these will have to be disturbed during building operations, and only connections will have to be made. Five miles of iron piping, with hydrants at street intersections, have been laid, there

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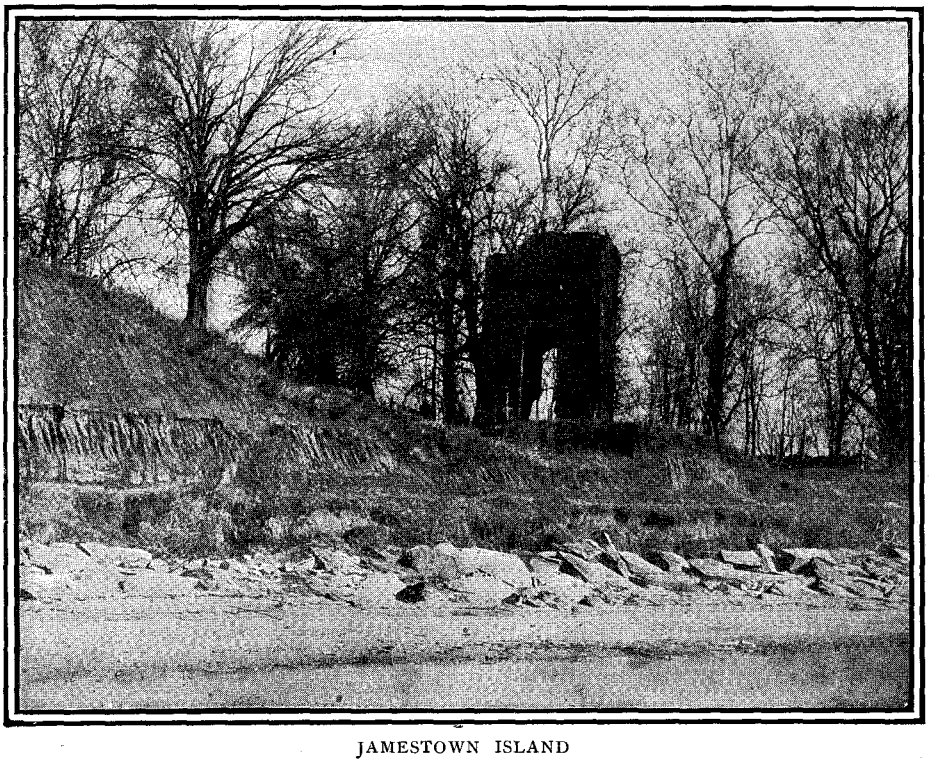
are over eight miles of sewers and drains, and the boulevards and streets already completed total twelve miles in length. A great many of the streets are planned with double rows of shade-trees, and all of the main boulevards have planting-places in the center, already filled, with shaded paths on each side.

Two sides of the four hundred acres of land space embraced by the Exposition grounds proper are inclosed by a floral fence several miles in length and seven feet in height, and the vines to drape it, planted in May, 1905, are already of a dense and luxuriant growth. Honeysuckle and trumpet creeper and crimson ramblers make an impenetrable barrier of fragrant foliage, and the effect is so beautiful and unique as to challenge instant admiration and delight. A mass of flowering beauty rather than the conventional board fence of other days is a matter of congratulation to visitors and management alike, and gives promise that the landscape feature of the Exposition will be one of its most appealing attractions. The remaining two sides of the grounds have a water front two and a half miles on Hampton Roads and half a mile on Boush Creek, and from this water side can be seen ships going out and coming in from all parts of the world.

Although dignity and permanency will characterize the Exposition of 1907, it will not be lacking in amusement features. The Paris Exposition had its Eiffel Tower, Chicago its Ferris Wheel, Buffalo its Electric Tower, and St. Louis its Cascades, but the Jamestown Exposition will have as its great feature a monster pier which is expected to eclipse any one feature that has made expositions famous in the past. This has been made possible by the appropriation of $400,000 for this specific purpose, included in the Congressional appropriation. It is also stated that the plans and estimates of the cost of the pier have been submitted to the Engineering Department of the United States Army and have been approved by the Government experts. They call for really two piers, 200 feet wide and



JAMESTOWN ISLAND

Showing the breastworks thrown up by the Confederates during the Civil War

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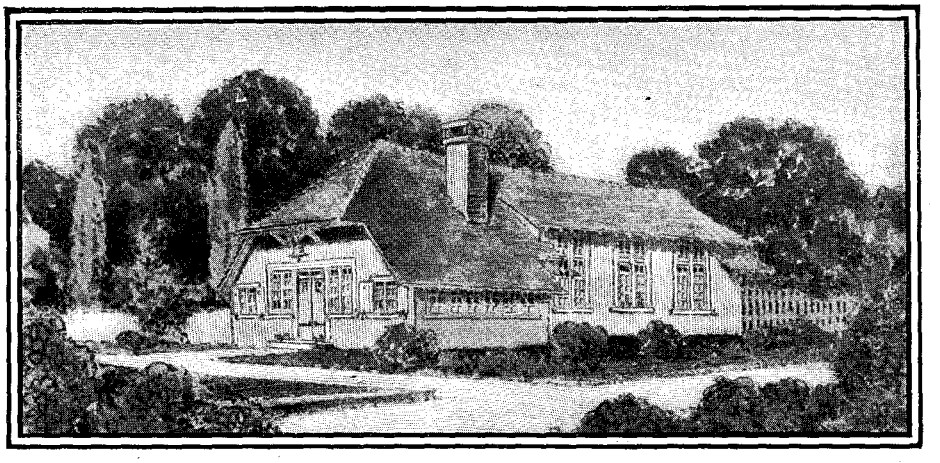
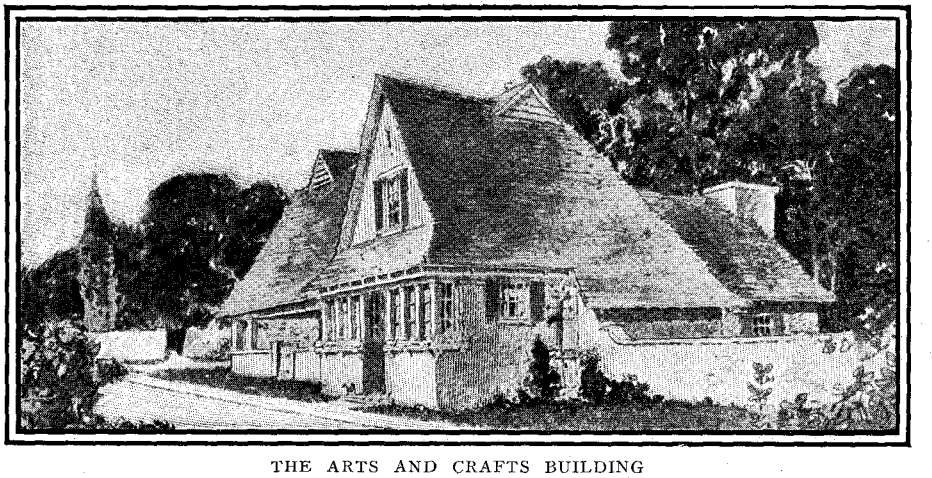


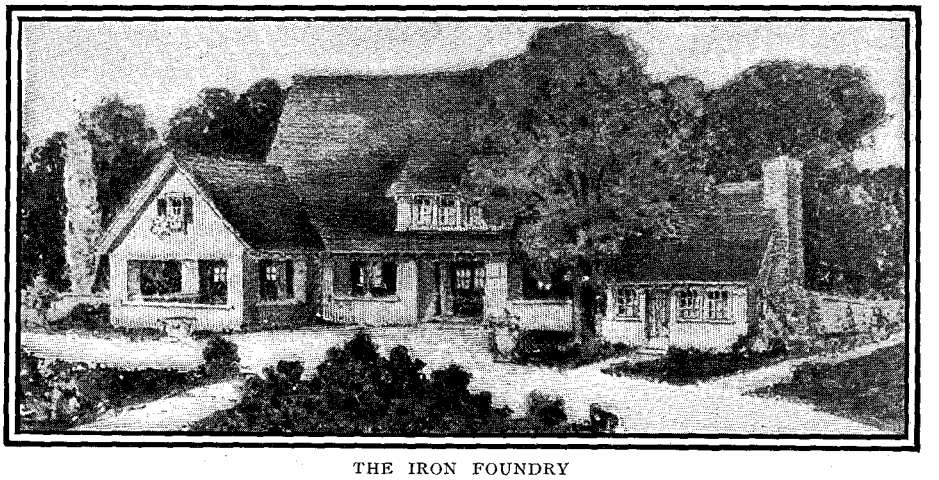
THE MODEL SCHOOL-HOUSE

Here the division of Education will illustrate the progress in educational methods in American schools



THE ARTS AND CRAFTS BUILDING

In this building will be reproduced the home methods of manufacture in use among the first settlers



THE IRON FOUNDRY

Here iron workers will make nails and horseshoes, brackets, hinges, andirons, and kitchen utensils

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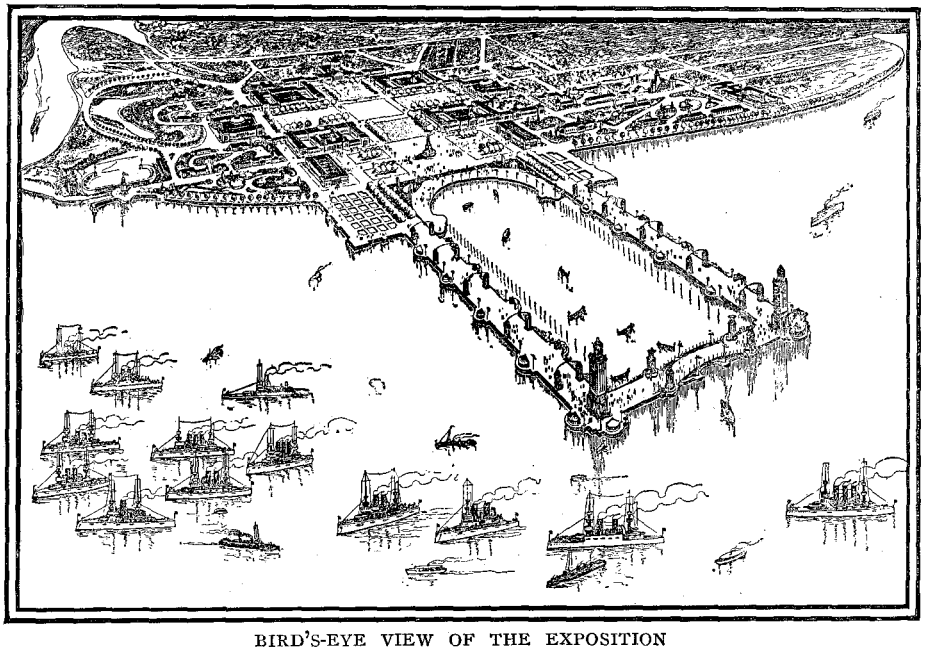
joined at the end by a bridge span 1,200 feet in length, giving an inclosed area of 2,640,000 square feet of water.

It is intended to plant two rows of cedar-trees along each pier, between which will be promenade space. At about every four hundred feet there will be located booths for concessionaires, and at the end of the piers there will be two immense towers. The bridge connecting the ends will be constructed on the Rialto plan, permitting small craft of all kinds to pass under it into the basin, where all of the marine exhibitions will be held. Along the inclosed sides of the piers will be a landing, built after the manner of a terrace, as in the case of dry-docks, so that the tides will not render the piers useless at any time. This will enable the small boats from the war-ships to land their crews with safety on the pier, regardless of weather conditions.

The most beautiful and attractive feature of this marine pier will be its illumination. Thousands of incandescent globes and arc lights will be used. The half-mile of brilliant festoons will terminate in a mass of colors at each corner of the piers, where the ornate towers will stand.

That great numbers of people will visit the Jamestown Exposition is confidently expected. By ties of blood thousands who make their home in other parts of the country claim Virginia as partly their own, and the National significance of the event celebrated will give to its local expression a large kinship and create an enthusiasm and personal interest hardly possible in the celebrations hitherto held in America. Already numbers of organizations have signified their desire and intention to hold their convention of 1907 in Richmond, Virginia, which is within two and a half hours' ride of the site of the Exposition, and notable among these will be the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is peculiarly appropriate that this convention should meet in Richmond at this time, and the decision to do so was eminently satisfactory to all interested. Jamestown was a crown colony created under a charter granted by the King, and the religion of Jamestown was the Established Church of England. Here the first Protestant church in America was erected, and to it belongs the distinction of being the only church in America which has had two sets of communion silver given to it by England's royal family. One of these was presented by Queen Anne; the other, a gift from William and Mary, is now kept in the vestry of Bruton Parish Church at



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION

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Williamsburg. It is interesting to note that since it was decided to restore Bruton Church to its original design, made by Sir Christopher Wren, King Edward of England has presented to it a handsome Bible through Mr. Tucker, the President of the Jamestown Exposition, and Mr. Roosevelt has announced that it will give him pleasure to provide a lectern for the church.

The hearty sympathy which, since the inception of the Jamestown Exposition, Mr. Roosevelt has manifested in the desire of the people of Virginia properly to celebrate the birth of the American Nation, and to call attention to causes rather than merely to results, has been a source of inspiration and encouragement to them, and they appreciate keenly the impetus and solidity which his indorsement and spirit of co-operation have given to their undertaking. To them as to him the Jamestown Tercentennial is the celebration of an event demanding National recognition, and offering an opportunity for the world to visit the shores of those waters on the banks of which, three hundred years ago, a little band of pioneers fought fever, famine, and treacherous foes in their endeavor to establish a foothold in the land of promise, whose fulfillment has been beyond the dream of prophet.

It is stated that the census of 1900 shows that 400,000 native Virginians are living in other parts of the country, and it is not difficult to believe that there is no one of that number but will turn in thought and desire to the land of his fathers during the week which will be set apart for the home-coming of the sons and daughters of the State which has ever stood for so much that is best and noblest in National life. From all parts of the world they will come, for, with a love surpassing great, they reverence the soil from which they sprang, and he who is not stirred by her memories and thrilled by her name is no true son of the commonwealth.

And in all that Virginia has of heritage and tradition, of ideals and aspirations, the country has full share, for neither a place nor a people can hold alone those things which are eternal; and when Virginia opens her gates to welcome the world, she will open as well her heart and share her best with all who come to do her reverence.

THE TRAVELER

BY ETHEL HOBART

"To-morrow is a dream:" faint mignonette
In drowsy fragrance signifies the heat
Of old Siena's midday. Roofs retreat
Until their sun-browned orange tints are met
By that supreme Duomo, azure set
In sky; and crying chimney-swifts repeat
The message of the noontide, hot and sweet,
"Forget to-morrow—human heart, forget!"

But afterwards the radiant evening skies
Droop to the world, and, soft illumining
The ancient tangled roofs, the color dies
In rose-transfiguring light. The heart's young wing
Unfolds from its content, the spirit sighs,
"To-morrow we return to wandering."

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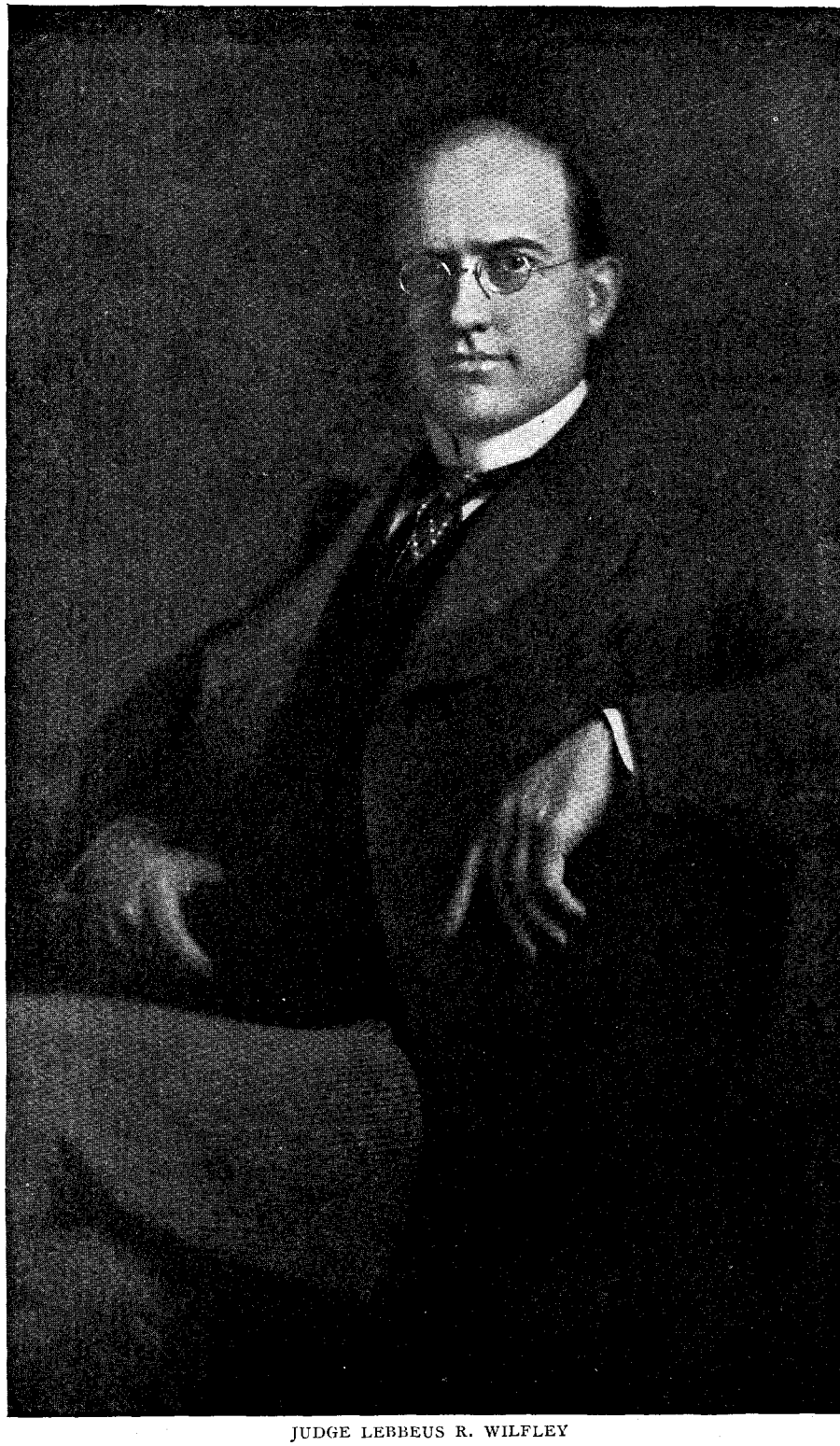

JUDGE LEBBEUS R. WILFLEY

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AN AMERICAN COURT IN FOREIGN TERRITORY

AN important measure passed by the last session of Congress was the act creating a United States District Court for China. This court will have jurisdiction over almost all commercial and civil proceedings, formerly exercised by United States Consuls and Ministers and by virtue of treaties between the United States and China, with right to appeal to the higher courts of the United States.

The necessity for such a court for the protection of American citizens in China has long been apparent. American consuls, not always being lawyers, have often been incapable of dealing with questions of law coming under their jurisdiction. It is also unfortunately true that they are not always chosen with an eye single to their ability to discharge the duties of the office; comparatively recent events in our consular service in China have shown that some of them, at least, have not been above suspicion in the matter of graft.

In selecting a judge for this court the President was especially fortunate in his choice of Lebbeus R. Wilfley, who has resigned the office of Attorney-General of the Philippine Islands to accept the judgeship of the United States Court for China.

Shanghai will be Judge Wilfley's headquarters, and he will also hold sessions of court in Canton, Tientsin, and Hankow, at stated periods, and in such other cities as the exigencies of the case render practicable. The tenure of office is ten years, and the salary $8,000 per annum.

Judge Wilfley is a native of Audrain County, Missouri. He was graduated from Central College, Fayette, Missouri, in 1888, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and from Yale Law School in 1892. At the instance of the Hon. Amos Thayer, of St. Louis, Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, who had been requested by Governor Taft to name a member of the St. Louis bar for a position of trust in the Philippines, Judge Wilfley was appointed Attorney-General of the Islands in 1901. Time has shown the wisdom of Judge Thayer's selection. No breath of scandal, either in private or official life, has ever touched Judge Wilfley.

A fearless prosecutor, he has always placed duty above personal popularity. Several editors of libelous newspapers have served terms in Bilibid prison, dishonest lawyers have been disbarred and obliged to leave the islands, and many criminals have been convicted through the efforts of an honest and strenuous Attorney-General, whose prosecution, however, never took the form of persecution. He has been a power for good in the Philippines, and any picture that future writers may draw of the early days of the Civil Government in the islands must include the forceful figure of Judge Wilfley.

Regretting his departure, the Manila Times says: "Mr. Wilfley is known among his friends as one of the closest students of colonial affairs, and possibly no other American official has given more thought to the problems involved in our occupation of these islands. In his departure there will be lost to the islands five years of large and useful experience in Philippine affairs."

While it would appear that an official of Judge Wilfley's type and experience could ill be spared in the administration of the Philippine Government, yet the qualifications that have made him peculiarly useful there only prove his fitness for the responsible position to which he has been called. One of the local newspapers very pertinently remarked that Mr. Wilfley never had been afflicted with an "itching palm." It is safe to assume that the courts over which he presides will be clean and free from any suggestion of favoritism.

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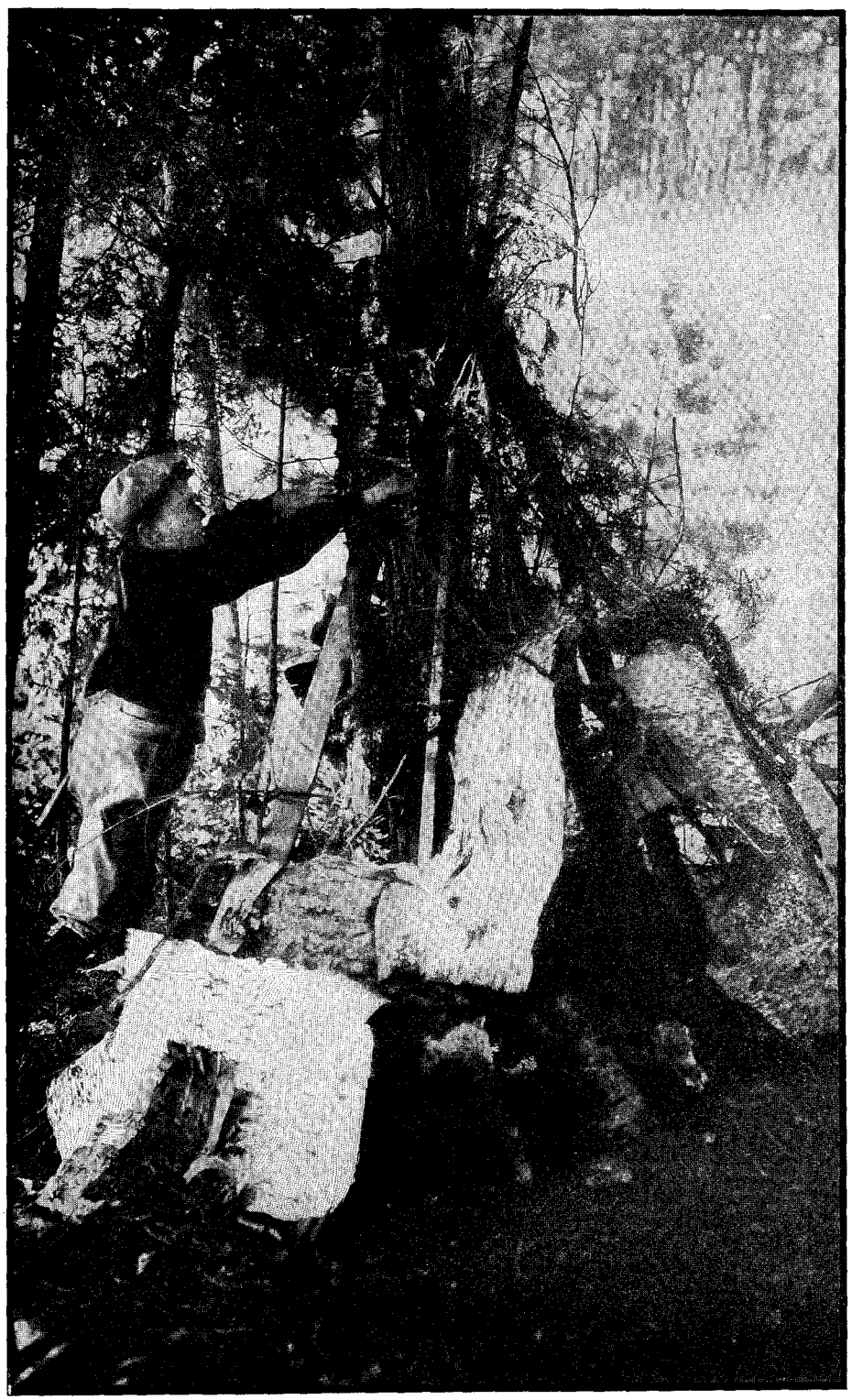

MAKING THE WIGWAM

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

AS to just how it started we could not determine, but in place of the blue-eyed lad who said "Good-by" when school closed, I found an Injun Chief, introducing himself with, "Ugh! Uncas of the Delawares," and my scalp changed hands. It seems he had had a few slight attacks in past years, but now it was a raging fever, to be assuaged only by torrents of blood and myriads of scalps.

The summer home, on the Lake of the Clustered Stars, is surrounded by the mountain scenes of many beautiful Indian legends which the boy's father, "Big Wisdom," had woven into story form for the children. Thus a close feeling for the Indian lore of the region had grown up. The culmination was reached when the exploits of Leatherstocking were dramatically rendered by Big Wisdom to the fascination of his admiring listeners. Small wonder is it that the receptive nature of the lad was touched by all this.

I had come to the boy with plans for the summer work, but of what avail are any plans in the face of such conditions? Here were radical readjustments to be made, either on my part or his, and it was very evident that they were not to be his, for now he was a boy with a *Motive*—a good beginning for a vacation. We commenced with a few main lines of activity—at first realized only in part by him. First, the most essential, was to be the physical building up; then there was to be school work, systematically performed, not only to cover the work to be done, but to keep the mind in wholesome condition not attained by the usual desultory vacation activities. The physical elements grouped themselves naturally around two strong impulses—the Indian life and athletics. By a peculiar rhythm, these interests alternated regularly; first the former would be the all-engrossing topic, then the latter rose into prominence as the weather or other interruptions caused

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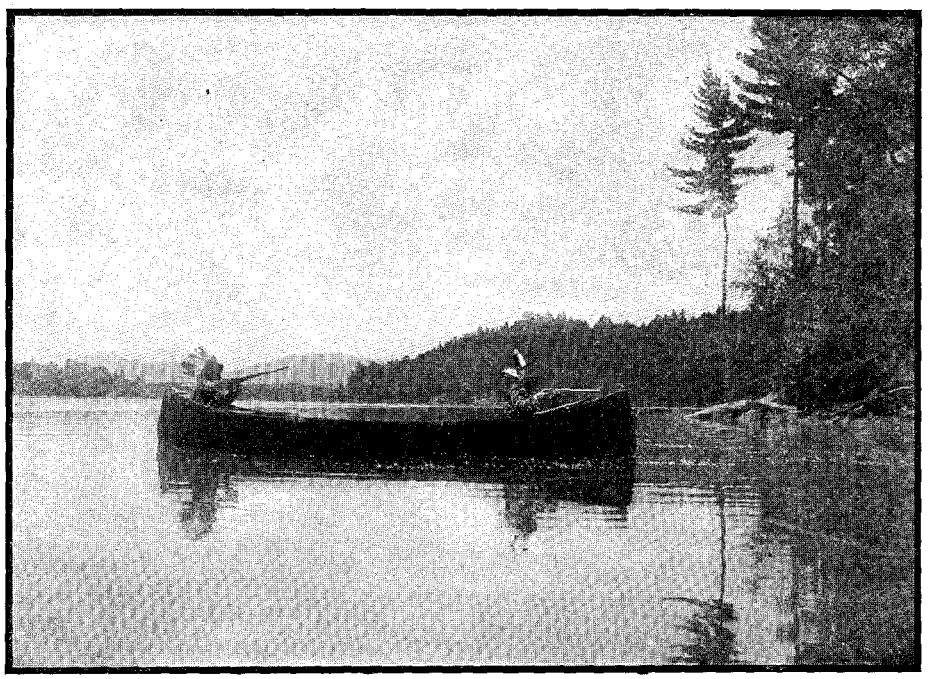
from one time to another a lull in the outdoor activities.

The practice on the small "diamond" in the side yard was stimulated by attendance on the weekly match game between crack teams of the neighboring villages. We could see clearly how the boy to-day follows in our footsteps, for, since the invention of this serious pastime, has not the boy of every generation toiled, perspired, argued, won and lost his own games, and then followed with bated breath the fortunes of the home team in the local "league"?

When the Indian life was uppermost, there was always "something doing," and in this constructive side of the play we found its redeeming feature.

"Where shall we build the encampment?" "This place is no good; that one is too far from the shore," etc., until a satisfactory site was found. "Where is the best location for the wigwams?" "What material shall we use?" "How should they be put up?" Here is a continuous line of constructive activities, needing only a little guidance for the city child, who is apt to be more dependent upon others than his country cousin.

Our boy soon learned to bear his share of the work—occasionally attempting the impossible because of lack of experience. "How far is it to the encampment?" started us estimating, pacing, and measuring distances, often to find the lad's conception of distance more accurate than his elders'. Then he wanted to find the area of the encampment, and more practical mathematics was called into play. "Could we find the distance across that bay?"



GAME IN SIGHT

brought out a little elementary geometry.

"Let's have a secret trail to the camp." "Suppose we mustn't blaze it, so we can try the regular Indian fashion of following the trail on leaves and twigs." "Now you must be quiet and use your eyes. You know you have two of them and two ears, and only one mouth."

"We must call a council," and the legislative forces were put into motion.

"Shall we have a museum for the things we find on the way?" This was the starting-point for a legitimate outlet for the collective instincts of the whole tribe.

It was not all play, this Indian sum-

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READY FOR THE HUNT

mer, for there was school work to be made up; exercise to be taken when needed, even though inclinations were otherwise; and, most important as well as most difficult, some individual characteristics to be controlled and mastered.

Fortunately, some of the History dealt with the discovery of America, and so the Indian interests lent themselves admirably to the work. Available books were eagerly searched for information bearing upon the condition of the savage tribes before and after the country was opened to the people of the Old World. Then the treatment of the different tribes by the various nations, and the growth of information concerning them, gained through discovery and exploration, were studied. The main interest in the geography was to find conditions in our country to-day contrasted with those of the red man. The sand-pile was taxed for its contribution to the play and work. Maps of different kinds, from the sand-model to the accurate map drawn to scale, were utilized.

UNCAS, CHIEF OF THE DELAWARES

In composition the most vital interests were drawn upon. The following is an extract from the boy's original English work:

THE DELAWARE CAMP AND HOW IT WAS BUILT

Related by Chief Uncas

This part of the Delaware Tribe, or the Children of the Lenapes, consists of the Peacock and Tortoise families. Uncas is the war chief, and his squaw is Wah Ta Wah. Another young brave, named Hollow Horn Bear, belongs to the Tortoise family. The Delaware Wonder is a Paleface adopted by them and named the Owl because he brought to them a method of painting pictures by the sun. First the warriors and chiefs went out and found a good spot near the water

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where they thought it would be good to put up their village. Then they sent for the squaws, and with their help found some sticks of driftwood along the shore, and tied them with deer-thongs at the top to make the framework of the wigwams. Then the chiefs met for a council, and the Owl painted a sun picture of them. Next they found a hollow stump in which to put venison, beans, and corn for food, and blocked it up with a boulder. The fireplace was made of rocks, with poles to hang the kettle on. The boat-landing was made by the Arrowmaker. It was situated on the setting-sun side of the camp, where the harbor was sheltered by a large rock on each side.

Of course the formal side of the three R's took considerable effort and time while the foregoing was in progress.

With patient help the boy learned to take more responsibility upon his own shoulders, and thus to feel that he was in charge of himself. At first the duties would be neglected little by little, until an accumulation loomed up before him. Then, before the debt became too large a burden to shoulder, there would be a day of reckoning and the account balanced up, even though it were accompanied with much weeping and gnashing of teeth. Soon he learned to do business upon a business basis, and realized that laws are to be obeyed. Sometimes a suggestion, "Shall we go rowing?" was inadequate, and a little coercion would perhaps become necessary—"We are going rowing." After the momentary feeling of antagonism had been overcome by the delights of learning to paddle "Indian fashion," or a new method of attacking a camp, he would understand the reason of it.

We did not forget that a boy of ten needs time for real free play with his companions, unassisted by his elders. Each day there was opportunity for this social intercourse which a normal child must have. Then there were the regular rest periods. With what keen delight did he snuggle down in the hammock to revel in the exploits of "The Two Little Savages" or of Leatherstocking!

On a Sabbath the family always gathered on the porch while I read the service. The influence of this extended in different ways through the whole day. Unfortunately, we notice in so many homes that the devotional exercises are allowed to lapse during the vacation days, to the detriment of both young and old.

After these experiences with my boy, my plea is increased for a more intelligent use of our children's vacations. The schools can do much, but the main responsibility clearly rests upon the parents. These vacation activities should be along the lines of their interests, unquestionably, but at the same time systematically conducted, remembering that

"Rest is not quitting
This busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere."

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RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

THE STORY OF A SIOUX WARRIOR

BY

DR CHARLES A. EASTMAN

(OHIYESA)

In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
  Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
  And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
  Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
  Of his anger and despair.

—*Longfellow.*

The hatchet lies overgrown
With grass by the Yellowstone,
  Wind River and Paw of Bear;
And, in sign that foes are friends,
Each lodge, like a peace-pipe, sends
  Its smoke in the quiet air.

O Hampton, down by the sea!
What voice is beseeching thee
  For the scholar's lowliest place?
Can this be the voice of him
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim?
  Can this be Rain-in-the-Face?

—*Whittier.*

THE noted Sioux warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, whose name once carried terror to every part of the frontier, died at his home on the Standing Rock reserve in North Dakota on the 14th of September, 1905. About two months before his death I went to see him for the last time, where he lay upon the bed of sickness from which he never rose again, and drew from him his life-history.

It has been my experience that you cannot induce an Indian to tell a story, or even his own name, by asking him directly.

"Friend," I said, "even if a man is on a hot trail, he stops for a smoke! In the good old days, before the charge there was a smoke. At home, by the fireside, when the old men were asked to tell their brave deeds, again the pipe was passed. So come, let us smoke now to the memory of the old days!"

He took of my tobacco and filled his long pipe, and we smoked. Then I told an old mirthful story to get him in the humor of relating his own history.

The old man lay upon an iron bedstead, covered by a red blanket, in a corner of the little log cabin. He was all alone that day; only an old dog lay silent and watchful at his master's feet.

Finally he looked up and said with a pleasant smile:

"True, friend; it is the old custom to retrace one's trail before leaving it forever! I know that I am at the door of the spirit home.

"I was born near the forks of the Cheyenne River, about seventy years ago. My father was not a chief; my grandfather was not a chief, but a good hunter and a feast-maker. On my mother's side I had some noted ancestors, but they left me no chieftainship. I had to work for my reputation.

"When I was a boy, I loved to fight," he continued. "In all our

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boyish games I had the name of being hard to handle, and I took much pride in the fact.

"I was about ten years old when we encountered a band of Cheyennes. They were on friendly terms with us, but we boys always indulged in sham fights on such occasions, and this time I got in an honest fight with a Cheyenne boy older than I. I got the best of the boy, but he hit me hard in the face several times, and my face was all spattered with blood and streaked where the paint had been washed away. The Sioux boys whooped and yelled:

"'His enemy is down, and his face is spattered as if with rain! Rain-in-the-Face! His name shall be Rain-in-the-Face!'

"Afterwards, when I was a young man, we went on a war-path against the Gros Ventres. We stole some of their horses, but were overtaken and had to abandon the horses and fight for our lives. I had wished my face to represent the sun when half covered with darkness, so I painted it half black, the other half red. We fought all day in the rain, and my face was partly washed and streaked with red and black: so again I was christened Rain-in-the-Face. We considered it an honorable name.

"I had been on many war-paths, but was not especially successful until about the time the Sioux began to fight with the white man. One of the most daring attacks that we ever made was at Fort Totten, North Dakota, in the summer of 1866.

"Hóhay, the Assiniboine captive of Sitting Bull, was the leader in this raid. Wapáypay, the Fearless Bear, who was afterward hanged at Yankton, was the bravest man among us. He dared Hóhay to make the charge. Hóhay accepted the challenge, and in turn dared the other to ride with him through the agency and right under the walls of the fort, which was well garrisoned and strong.

"Wapáypay and I in those days called each other 'brother-friend.' It was a life-and-death vow. What one does the other must do; and that meant that I must be in the forefront of the charge, and if he is killed, I must fight until I die also!

"I prepared for death. I painted as usual like an eclipse of the sun, half black and half red."

His eyes gleamed and his face lighted up remarkably as he talked, pushing his black hair back from his forehead with a nervous gesture.

"Now the signal for the charge was given! I started even with Wapáypay, but his horse was faster than mine, so he left me a little behind as we neared the fort. This was bad for me, for by that time the soldiers had somewhat recovered from the surprise and were aiming better.

"Their big gun talked very loud, but my Wapáypay was leading on, leaning forward on his fleet pony like a flying squirrel on a smooth log! He held his rawhide shield on the right side, a little to the front, and so did I. Our war-whoop was like the coyotes singing in the evening, when they smell blood!

"The soldiers' guns talked fast, but few were hurt. Their big gun was like a toothless old dog, who only makes himself hotter the more noise he makes," he remarked with some humor.

"How much harm we did I do not know, but we made things lively for a time; and the white men acted as people do when a swarm of angry bees gets into camp. We made a successful retreat, but some of the reservation Indians followed us yelling, until Hóhay told them that he did not wish to fight with the captives of the white man, for there would be no honor in that. There was blood running down my leg, and I found that both my horse and I were slightly wounded.

"Some two years later we attacked a fort west of the Black Hills [Fort Phil Kearney, Wyoming]. It was there we killed one hundred soldiers. [The military reports say eighty men, under the command of Captain Fetterman—not one left alive to tell the tale!] Nearly every band of the Sioux nation was represented in that fight—Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Big Foot, and all our great chiefs were there. Of course such men as I am were then comparatively unknown. However, there were many noted young warriors, among them Sword, the younger Young-Man-

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RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

Afraid, American Horse [afterward chief], Crow King, and others.

"This was the plan decided upon after many councils. The main war party lay in ambush, and a few of the bravest young men were appointed to attack the wood-choppers who were cutting logs to complete the building of the fort. We were told not to kill these men, but to chase them into the fort and retreat slowly, defying the white men; and if the soldiers should follow, we were to lead them into the ambush. They took our bait exactly as we had hoped! It was a matter of a very few minutes, for every soldier lay dead in a shorter time than it takes to annihilate a small herd of buffalo.

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"This attack was hastened because most of the Sioux on the Missouri River and eastward had begun to talk of suing for peace. But even this did not stop the peace movement. The very next year a treaty was signed at Fort Rice, Dakota Territory, by nearly all the Sioux chiefs, in which it was agreed on the part of the Great Father in Washington that all the country north of the Republican River in Nebraska, including the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains, was to be always Sioux country, and no white man should intrude upon it without our permission. Even with this agreement Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse were not satisfied, and they would not sign.

"Up to this time I had fought in some important battles, but had achieved no great deed. I was ambitious to make a name for myself. I joined war parties against the Crows, Mandans, Gros Ventres, and Pawnees, and gained some little distinction.

"It was when the white men found the yellow metal in our country, and came in great numbers, driving away our game, that we took up arms against them for the last time. I must say here that the chiefs who were loudest for war were among the first to submit and accept reservation life. Spotted Tail was a great warrior, yet he was one of the first to yield, because he was promised by the Chief Soldiers that they would make him chief of all the Sioux. Ugh! he would have stayed with Sitting Bull to the last had it not been for his ambition.

"About this time we young warriors began to watch the trails of the white men into the Black Hills, and when we saw a wagon coming we would hide at the crossing and kill them all without much trouble. We did this to discourage the whites from coming into our country without our permission. It was the duty of our Great Father at Washington, by the agreement of 1868, to keep his white children away.

"During the troublesome time after this treaty, which no one seemed to respect, either white or Indian (but the whites broke it first), I was like many other young men—much on the war-path, but with little honor. I had not yet become noted for any great deed. Finally, Wapáypay and I waylaid and killed a white soldier on his way from the fort to his home in the East.

"There were a few Indians who were liars, and never on the war-path, playing 'good Indian' with the Indian agents and the war chiefs at the forts. Some of this faithless set betrayed me, and told more than I ever did. I was seized and taken to the fort near Bismarck, North Dakota [Fort Abraham Lincoln], by a brother [Tom Custer] of the long-haired war chief, and imprisoned there. These same lying Indians, who were selling their services as scouts to the white man, told me that I was to be shot to death, or else hanged upon a tree. I answered that I was not afraid to die.

"However, there was an old soldier who used to bring my food and stand guard over me—he was a white man, it is true, but he had an Indian heart! He came to me one day and unfastened the iron chain and ball with which they had locked my leg, saying by signs and what little Sioux he could muster:

"'Go, friend! take the chain and ball with you. I shall shoot, but the voice of the gun will lie.'

"When he had made me understand, you may guess that I ran my best! I was almost over the bank when he fired his piece at me several times, but I had already gained cover and was safe. I have never told this before, and would not now lest it should do him an injury, but he was an old man then, and I am sure he must be dead long since. That old soldier taught me that some of the white people have hearts," he added, quite seriously.

"I went back to Standing Rock in the night, and I had to hide for several days in the woods, where food was brought to me by my relatives. The Indian police were ordered to retake me, and they pretended to hunt for me, but really they did not, for if they had found me I would have died with one or two of them, and they knew it! In a few days I departed with several others, and we rejoined the hostile camp on the Powder River and made some trouble for the men who were building the great iron track north of us [Northern Pacific].

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"In the spring the hostile Sioux got together again upon the Tongue River. It was one of the greatest camps of the Sioux that I ever saw. There were some Northern Cheyennes with us, under Two Moon, and a few Santee Sioux, renegades from Canada, under Inkpaduta, who had killed white people in Iowa long before. We had decided to fight the white soldiers until no warrior should be left."

At this point Rain-in-the-Face took up his tobacco-pouch and began again to fill his pipe.

"Of course the younger warriors were delighted with the prospect of a great fight! Our scouts had discovered piles of oats for horses and other supplies near the Missouri River. They had been brought by the white man's fire-boats. Presently they reported a great army about a day's travel to the south, with Shoshone and Crow scouts.

"There was excitement among the people, and a great council was held. Many spoke. I was asked the condition of those Indians who had gone upon the reservation, and I told them truly that they were nothing more than prisoners. It was decided to go out and meet Three Stars [General Crook] at a safe distance from our camp.

"We met him on the Little Rosebud. I believe that if we had waited and allowed him to make the attack, he would have fared no better than Custer. He was too strongly fortified where he was, and I think, too, that he was saved partly by his Indian allies, for the scouts discovered us first and fought us first, thus giving him time to make his preparations. I think he was more wise than brave! After we had left that neighborhood he might have pushed on and connected with the Long-Haired Chief. That would have saved Custer and perhaps won the day.

"When we crossed from Tongue River to the Little Big Horn, on account of the scarcity of game, we did not anticipate any more trouble. Our runners had discovered that Crook had retraced his trail to Goose Creek, and we did not suppose that the white men would care to follow us further into the rough country.

"Suddenly the Long-Haired Chief appeared with his men! It was a surprise."

"What part of the camp were you in when the soldiers attacked the lower end?" I asked.

"I had been invited to a feast at one of the young men's lodges [a sort of club]. There was a certain warrior who was making preparations to go against the Crows, and I had decided to go also," he said.

"While I was eating my meat we heard the war-cry! We all rushed out, and saw a warrior riding at top speed from the lower camp, giving the warning as he came. Then we heard the reports of the soldiers' guns, which sound differently from the guns fired by our people in battle.

"I ran to my teepee and seized my gun, a bow, and a quiver full of arrows. I already had my stone war club, for you know we usually carry those by way of ornament. Just as I was about to set out to meet Reno, a body of soldiers appeared nearly opposite us, at the edge of a long line of cliffs across the river.

"All of us who were mounted and ready immediately started down the stream toward the ford. There were Ogallalas, Minneconjous, Cheyennes, and some Unkpapas, and those around me seemed to be nearly all very young men.

"'Behold, there is among us a young woman!' I shouted. 'Let no young man hide behind her garment!' I knew that would make those young men brave!

"The woman was Tashenamani, or Moving Robe, whose brother had just been killed in the fight with Three Stars. Holding her brother's war staff over her head, and leaning foward upon her charger, she looked as pretty as a bird. Always when there is a woman in the charge, it causes the warriors to vie with one another in displaying their valor," he added.

"The foremost warriors had almost surrounded the white men, and more were continually crossing the stream. The soldiers had dismounted, and were firing into the camp from the top of the cliff."

"My friend, was Sitting Bull in this fight?" I inquired.

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"I did not see him there, but I learned afterward that he was among those who met Reno, and that was three or four of the white man's miles from Custer's position. Later he joined the attack upon Custer, but was not among the foremost.

'When the troops were surrounded on two sides, with the river on the third, the order came to charge! There were many very young men, some of whom had only a war staff or a stone war club in hand, who plunged into the column, knocking the men over and stampeding their horses.

"The soldiers had mounted and started back, but when the onset came they dismounted again and separated into several divisions, facing different ways. They fired as fast as they could load their guns, while we used chiefly arrows and war clubs. There seemed to be two distinct movements among the Indians. One body moved continually in a circle, while the other rode directly into and through the troops.

"Presently some of the soldiers remounted and fled along the ridge toward Reno's position; but they were followed by our warriors, like hundreds of blackbirds after a hawk. A larger body remained together at the upper end of a little ravine, and fought bravely until they were cut to pieces. I had always thought that white men were cowards, but I had a great respect for them after this day.

"It is generally said that a young man with nothing but a war staff in his hand broke through the column and knocked down the leader very early in the fight. We supposed him to be the leader, because he stood up in full view, swinging his big knife [sword] over his head, and talking loud. Some one unknown afterwards shot the chief, and he was probably killed also; for if not, he would have told of the deed, and called others to witness it. So it is that no one knows who killed the Long-Haired Chief [General Custer].

"After the first rush was over, *coups* were counted as usual on the bodies of the slain. You know four *coups* [or blows] can be counted on the body of an enemy, and whoever counts the first one [touches it for the first time] is entitled to the 'first feather.'

"There was an Indian here called Appearing Elk, who died a short time ago. He was slightly wounded in the charge. He had some of the weapons of the Long-Haired Chief, and the Indians used to say jokingly after we came upon the reservation that Appearing Elk must have killed the Chief, because he had his sword! However, the scramble for plunder did not begin until all were dead. I do not think he killed Custer, and if he had, the time to claim the honor was immediately after the fight.

"Many lies have been told of me. Some say that I killed the Chief, and others that I cut out the heart of his brother [Tom Custer], because he had caused me to be imprisoned. Why, in that fight the excitement was so great that we scarcely recognized our nearest friends! Everything was done like lightning. After the battle we young men were chasing horses all over the prairie, while the old men and women plundered the bodies; and if any mutilating was done, it was by the old men.

"I have lived peaceably ever since we came upon the reservation. No one can say that Rain-in-the-Face has broken the rules of the Great Father. I fought for my people and my country. When we were conquered I remained silent, as a warrior should. Rain-in-the-Face was killed when he put down his weapons before the Great Father. His spirit was gone then; only this poor body lived on, but now it is almost ready to lie down for the last time. Ho, hechetu! [It is well.]"

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LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN BATTLE-SHIPS

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

IN designing the new 12-inch gun battle-ships, of which the British Dreadnought and the American South Carolina are examples, the naval constructors of the world have taken the longest step forward that has been made since the advent of the Monitor during our Civil War. In a way this new development is much like that made in the Monitor. For the best of the ships of the old navy carried 9-inch smoothbores in the broadsides, with 10-inch or 11-inch on pivots, while in the Monitor the smaller guns were discarded at one sweep, and the largest guns then made were installed in her turret. And in the newest battle-ships the intermediate battery has been swept away in order to give place for more of the mighty 12-inch guns.

The various advances made in the gun power of battle-ships during recent years can be quickly enumerated. In 1890, the year when we began building such ships, the ships of the line in Europe carried turret guns of from 9-inch to 16-inch caliber, while the broadside batteries varied from 5-inch to 6-inch guns. To give our ships more powerful batteries, we built, in the Oregon class, two turrets on each broadside. In the main turrets we put two 13-inch guns, in each side turret we placed two 8-inch guns, and between these turrets we mounted four 6-inch guns.

The British met this step forward by building broadside turrets, in each of which they mounted one 9.2-inch gun, while the Italians built two ships in which they gave each broadside a battery of six 8-inch guns.

The next advance was made when we designed our 16,000-ton Connecticut class, in which each broadside battery was composed of the splendid 7-inch guns. The 12-inch gun had been found superior to the 13-inch, meantime, and these were, of course, used in the turrets. Whether the British ships with one 9.2-inch gun in each broadside turret are superior to our older ships carrying twice as many of 8-inch caliber is a question, but the superiority of the Connecticut class to anything of that date is not to be soberly disputed.

Then came the war between Japan and Russia. Because the Japanese gunners were manifestly superior to the Russian, and because the Japanese ships were swifter, and could therefore choose their positions (and for no other reason), the Japanese commanders usually fought at long range—at a range so great that the 12-inch guns only were effective. But the work done by the Japanese gunners even when five miles away astonished the fighting men of the world. The Russian ships were literally shot off the face of the sea at ranges over which the secondary guns could not reach. The inefficiency of all secondary batteries was thus proved beyond all doubt.

In the meantime the British constructors, to create a ship that should excel our Connecticut, had designed the Lord Nelson class—battle-ships of 16,000 tons, carrying, in addition to the usual four 12-inch guns, a broadside battery of five 9.2-inch guns.

These ships are a step forward in gun power, for the 9.2-inch guns are splendid weapons, but they are engined for eighteen knots only, and they would have small advantage over our Connecticut. However, before they were well in hand the Japanese had demonstrated that no secondary battery was worth its space, and the day of the 12-inch-gun ship dawned.

The British led the way with the Dreadnought, and it should be especially noted that the construction of this ship was a deliberate stroke *in the interest of peace*. For when work was begun there

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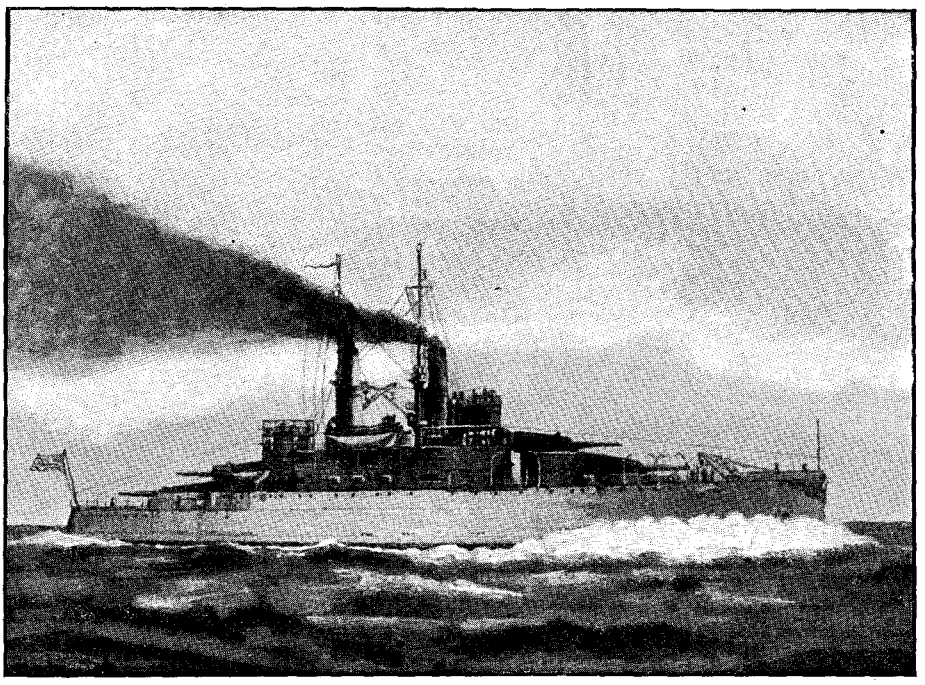

THE SOUTH CAROLINA

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were many mutterings on the Continent. To show something of what an enemy might expect to meet if these mutterings developed into war, the Admiralty laid down this ship of 18,000 tons displacement (2,000 tons larger than anything in hand anywhere); they designed for it a battery of ten 12-inch guns, and then they launched the ship in less than a year from the time her keel was stretched. Before this demonstration of the power of the British nation the clouds faded. An attack upon such a navy looked too much like suicide, so to speak.

In the meantime Congress had authorized the construction of two more ships of the size of the Connecticut, and the problem placed before our constructors was the installation of a 12-inch battery on such a ship. A comparison of the ships then designed with the Dreadnought will show well how this problem was solved.

The Dreadnought is 520 feet long by 82 wide; the South Carolina is 450 long by 80.2 wide; and each hull, for the greater part of its length, rises twenty feet out of water. At the bow the Dreadnought is eight feet higher; at the stern the South Carolina is but twelve feet above the water. Both are long, low, stable hulls. Having great length of deck, the British designer had a free hand in locating his guns. He began by placing a turret of two guns forward, in the usual place on the upper deck. Going aft, then, he dropped to the next deck below, and placed a turret on each side, well out on the rail. The superstructure, with its conning-tower (a turret for the captain, wheelsman, etc.), is built between, but both turrets have a clean sweep fore and aft. Abaft the superstructure, and in line directly above the keel, two more turrets were erected. Obviously, the turret that is between the superstructure and the other one further aft has a broadside fire only, but out of the ten guns mounted there is a broadside fire from eight guns, and six can be trained either dead ahead or directly astern.

Calculation showed the American designer that the eight 8-inch and the twelve 7-inch guns in the broadsides of the Connecticut weighed rather more than four 12-inch guns. He was therefore at liberty, on abandoning the smaller

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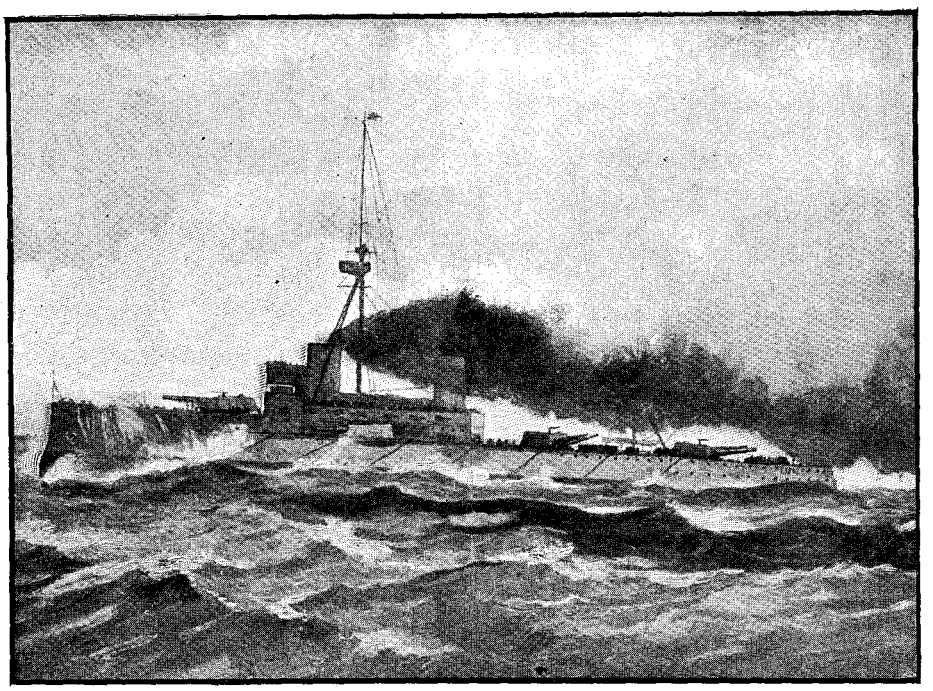

THE DREADNOUGHT
The New English Battle-ship

guns, to substitute two turrets, each carrying two 12-inch guns. And that is to say that the new ship could carry a battery of eight 12-inch guns as readily as it could the old battery of the Connecticut.

In locating the four turrets one was placed in the usual location at the bow, and then another was erected close to and directly behind it. This second turret was built eight feet higher than the first—it is enough higher to permit its guns to sweep above the forward one; and both turrets, therefore, have a firing arc of 270 degrees. The two remaining turrets were placed in a similar position aft. The superstructure is built between the two pairs of turrets. The South Carolina, though a smaller ship, fires as many guns in a broadside as the Dreadnought.

But while the South Carolina is far and away the most powerful ship of her size, no one should be deluded into supposing that she is equal to the ten-gun Dreadnought. In approaching each other end to end the Dreadnought could fire six guns to the South Carolina's four, a superiority of fifty per cent. If one of the broadside turrets of the Dreadnought were disabled, she could bring a fresh one into action, as Macdonough brought a new broadside into action and won on Lake Champlain.

More important still, the Dreadnought is driven by turbines and has a speed of twenty-one knots an hour, where the South Carolina has but eighteen and one-half. The Dreadnought could choose her own position—as the Phœbe did when she captured the Essex at Valparaiso in the War of 1812, and as Togo did whenever he met the Russians. The great increase in speed secured by the larger size of the hull is, next to the gun power, the most important feature of the new ship.

A minor defect of the South Carolina which was unavoidable in a ship of her size was the placing of the turrets in pairs like Siamese twins. Two turrets together obviously make a target twice the size of a single turret. The Dreadnought's turrets are separated by long distances.

While the secondary battery has been abandoned in the latest war-ship, the batteries of murderous 3-inch guns are, of course, retained for use against tor-

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pedo-boats. The South Carolina is also provided with two torpedo tubes, and the latest American torpedo is driven by a turbine that gives it a speed of twenty-eight knots after traveling 3,500 yards from the tube that started it—it has twice the range of the torpedoes of other navies at present. The Dreadnought, it appears, carries no torpedoes.

In armor no change of importance has been made. The Dreadnought carries 11 inches in the most important places, and the South Carolina 12. But the Dreadnought could stand punishment better than the smaller ship, in spite of thinner armor, because the larger hull has a greater number of compartments to keep her afloat when pierced below the water line. In fact, by the subdivisions of her under-water hull the Dreadnought has been made so nearly unsinkable that more than one torpedo would have to be exploded against her side to send her down. Even the latest style of submarines, carrying two torpedo tubes, might fail in spite of accurate aiming. With a Dreadnought beneath him the modern John Paul Jones could fight on though but one gun remained fit for action. This is the third important feature secured in the design of the 18,000-ton battle-ship, and we can now see from these facts something of what we shall have in the 20,000-ton ship which Congress has authorized for the American navy.

Since England laid down the Dreadnought several Continental Powers have planned ships of equal or greater size, but of these only the German need be considered here. The German ship will carry sixteen 11-inch guns instead of ten 12-inch. This leads to a consideration of recent progress in gun-making. During our war with Spain our 12-inch guns fired a shot weighing 850 pounds with a muzzle energy of nearly 26,000 foot-tons. The 12-inch guns of the Dreadnought, with a projectile of the same weight, have an energy of more than 50,000 foot-tons; and we may hope that the South Carolina's will not be inferior. Now the German 11-inch gun is credited with a muzzle energy of but 43,564 foot-tons. At a range of 3,000 yards the Dreadnought's guns will pierce 17.5 inches of the best armor, where the 11-inch will pierce only 13.92 inches.

Obviously, the German designer has used the smaller guns on the theory that, as they weigh less, a greater number can be carried, and that each gun can be fired more rapidly. Moreover, while the German gun has less penetration, the German ship has a speed of 22½ knots to the Dreadnought's 21—the German captain would be able to close in, like a Viking, to a point where his smaller guns could drive their shot through and through. The new German ship, and the new German sailor also, are not to be ignored. But as now mounted the 12-inch gun can be fired twice in a minute (one shot in five minutes was the rate in our war with Spain), and because of this rapidity of fire, and the greater power of the gun, no other nation is likely to adopt the German caliber.

Of our crews it may be said that the bluejackets who aim our guns are probably, for the present, the best marksmen in the world. And Admiral Dewey has publicly asserted that if every officer on an American ship were killed, the bluejackets could and would fight on and win.

Our 12-inch-gun ships, building and to be built, are designed, as the Dreadnought was, for the preservation of peace, and we may rest in the assurance that, with those ships, and such crews as we have already developed, the predatory powers which remain among nations will hesitate long before they force a war upon us.

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CHOPIN
From a bas-relief by A. Bovy

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN AND HIS MUSIC

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

EVERYTHING that we learn of Chopin's personality contributes to our impression of the extreme sensibility, the almost feminine delicacy and refinement, which was indeed the essential trait of his nature. His physique, slender but elastic; his pale face with its high aquiline nose, limpid yet bright eyes, and clustering brown hair; his low, musical voice; his handwriting, inimitably small and elegant; his finical particularity in dress and in the furnishing of his rooms; his fondness for the brightness and perfume of the Parisian *salons* in which he moved among admiring princesses; the exclusiveness of his musical taste, rejecting much of Beethoven as too violent and of Mendelssohn as "common," but accepting Bellini and Rossini for their charm, and Bach and Mozart for their purity and distinction; even his faults, his malice, secretiveness, too great reserve in friendship, and imperious pride—all point in the one direction. He was a man of extreme, of

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almost abnormal, delicacy of perception and fastidiousness of taste. So constituted, he would have been unhappy indeed had he not been able to find an asylum from the irritations and failures of every-day existence in artistic expression. As it is, he presents the paradox of a man whom one and the same quality plunges, as a human being, into a jungle of distresses, and guides, as a musician, to a mountain-top of commanding superiority.

The unfailing interest of the analysis of his music lies in the recognition, at every turn, of this fineness of nature, this mental and spiritual high-breeding, this exquisitely sensitive taste, and in the detection of the various kinds of excellence it produces. One easily traces it through several planes of achievement, in an ascending series. On the first and lowest plane it appears merely as an inimitable *finesse* in the execution of light, playful, and even frivolous designs: no one has brought so delicate and yet firm a touch, so charming a suavity of manner, and so sure an instinct for dainty elegance of style, to the treatment of the *salon*-piece (a genre for which we find perhaps the best parallel in the paintings of Watteau or the verses of Mr. Austin Dobson) as the Chopin of the waltzes, the mazurkas, many of the études and preludes, and even of the more old-fashioned concert fantasias and "*variations brillantes*." Weber is as brilliant, but less subtle; Schubert is as spontaneous, but by no means as distinguished; Schumann exerts the same fascination, but with less ingratiation, less *politesse;* Liszt's musical garment is equally sparkling, but it is gemmed with rubies rather than with diamonds. The technical sources of Chopin's success in this genre are his graceful, smoothly molded melodies, frequently recalling those of Bellini and other Italians, his simple, transparent harmonies, built up always with an unfailing sense of tone-color, and his lambent, coruscating ornamentation, which always seems to effloresce spontaneously from the melody. In all these matters he is the supreme model of purity and felicity in this style.

But the same punctilious taste which guided him so safely among the pitfalls of virtuosity and bravura soon led him beyond this entire scheme of art, which is, after all, based on the somewhat frivolous ideal of ostentation, up to the higher level of lyrical expression, based on quiet and deep personal feeling. The virtuoso was transformed into the poet. In the nocturnes, some of the études and preludes, portions even of the ballades and polonaises, and, most strikingly of all, in the slow movements of the concertos and sonatas, his object is no longer to dazzle his audience, but to portray subjective emotion, often of a profound earnestness and spiritual beauty. If in his early pieces he was often the prestidigitator, the mountebank, the brother-in-art of Thalberg and Liszt, here he is the dreamer, the rhapsodist, the lyric poet, and his nearest of kin is Robert Schumann. The largo of the B-minor Sonata is Schumannesque in its contemplativeness, its *innigkeit*, its marked note of mysticism; the funeral march in the B-flat minor Sonata equals that of the great quintet in poignancy and dignity, though it is a feminine version of what in the German composer we find expressed with more virile force. In the nocturnes the feminine quality is even more evident. Their tender beauty has a pallor, a fragility, almost an emaciation, which has often brought upon them the charge of morbidity. It is certain that, in the pieces of this type, Chopin has carried his fastidiousness a stage farther than in the display pieces, attaining an even greater distinction and rarer individuality. The nocturnes and preludes, the larghettos of the two concertos, the largo of the Sonata in B-minor, and a few other things of the same sort, constitute one of the few perfect manifestations of the romantic spirit in music.

There is still a third phase of Chopin's work, which some will probably consider as much higher than the lyrical phase as that is higher than the decorative. This may be called the heroic or epic phase, and is exemplified in the polonaises, the ballades, the Fantaisie, opus 49, the twelfth étude, the thirteenth nocturne, and the finale of the Sonata in B-minor.[1] A study of these works will

[1] It is noteworthy that most of these compositions bear opus numbers higher than 40, and belong to the last decade of the composer's life.

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open the eyes of any one who knows Chopin only through his virtuoso or lyrical pieces to the scope and many-sidedness of his genius. There is about them a largeness of utterance, a sustainment of mood, an intensity of emotion, hardly ever degenerating into the hysterical or the sentimental, which it is strange to find in the graceful salon-writer, the delicate miniaturist. Yet this final quality, too, by which Chopin proves himself akin to Beethoven as well as to Thalberg and Schumann (an oddly assorted trio) is, like the others, due to his characteristic fineness of nature. It is the heroism of high breeding, the vigor of intelligence, the dignity of impeccable taste. It bespeaks a strength rather subtle than brutal—the strength of the mettlesome thoroughbred, not that of the stolid dray-horse. It is a spiritual superiority (like the technical and emotional superiority) born of distinction and nourished by exclusiveness. Even in the most virile of the polonaises, with the possible exception of the so-called

Frederick Chopin.

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"Military Polonaise," which is unique in its fresh, open-air athleticism, we feel that the power which surges through them and sweeps them irresistibly on is a nervous rather than a muscular power. Thus when he is heroic no less than when he is gay or introspective, Chopin remains true to his slender, aquiline, subtle, aristocratic self.

It is interesting to examine the evolution of technique that went hand in hand with his growth in emotional earnestness. In the first place, the Bellini-like tunefulness, illustrated in the theme of the Rondeau, opus 1, with its agile turns and trills and its skipping staccato movement, gives place in maturer works to a freer, more chromatic, more impassioned and rhapsodic type of melody. It recrudesces, to be sure, here and there, as in the ninth nocturne, the larghetto of the E-minor concerto, the moderato cantabile of the "Fantaisie Impromptu:" for the languid southern luxuriousness was once for all a part of Chopin's temperament. But the deeper and more intimate the mood he is trying to express, the broader and less trammeled becomes his melodic curve. How sinuous the line, how gradual the climax, how deliberate the subsidence, of the theme of the fourteenth nocturne! How majestically the phrases rise, tier on tier, in the chief melody of the Polonaise, opus 44! How nobly rhapsodical, how genially spontaneous and flexible, is the phraseology of the second theme in the allegro of the B-minor Sonata! Well may Mr. Edward Dannreuther call Chopin "the supreme master of elegiac melody."

In his greatest tunes Chopin touches a point which few purely romantic writers ever reach. We have already noted in these studies[1] the tendency of the lyrical composers to build up their music out of a few short phrases, many times repeated, like the patterns in a wall-paper. Chopin, like the rest, writes only too often in this wall-paper style, as may be seen especially in the waltzes, mazurkas, and nocturnes. But at other times he shows a synthetic faculty rare among lyrists, by which he attains a noble breadth. Look, for example, at the passage marked "sostenuto" in the Grande Valse, opus 42, at the surging bass theme of the Polonaise, opus 40, or at the second theme of the allegro of the B-flat minor Sonata, noting the sustained flight of the second eight measures of the tune. Better still, examine with some particularity, noting especially the diversity of the rhythmic figures employed, the melody in the first ballade marked "Meno mosso," and the theme of the finale in the Sonata, opus 58. Mark the deliberation, the suspension of interest, produced in the former by the sequence in measures five to eight, and, in the latter, the exciting inevitability of the chromatic descending scale just before the cadence. In such tunes as these Chopin proves himself capable of the veritable "*longue haleine*" of the epic melodist.

A second technical result of the gradual deepening of Chopin's ideal of expression was a wonderful development of his harmonic sense. In the works of his prime he is one of the greatest of all masters of expressive harmony. His originality in modulation and enharmonic transition, his employment of chromatic progressions cheek by jowl with passages based on the old diatonic modes of the Polish folk-music, his daring use of consecutive fifths and other such bugbears of the scholastic, entitle him to a high place among the pioneers of modern methods. He constantly surprises us with premonitions of Liszt, Wagner, the French and Russian composers of to-day, and even Richard Strauss. Thus, for instance, the opening of the great Polonaise Fantaisie, with its constantly shifting tonality, its groping bass, its murky, mysterious minor-ninth and diminished-seventh chords, seems like a page from "Tristan;" the series of kaleidoscopic modulations marked "stretto" near the end of the fourth ballade recall Tschaïkowsky in one of his most reckless moods; and we must go to César Franck to find a parallel for the lapsing chromatic dominant-seventh chords of the twenty-first mazurka.

Nor does Chopin make the mistake, so fatal to some modern writers, of surfeiting our ears on these complexities

[1] See "Franz Schubert, Romanticist," The Outlook, February 10, 1906, and "Schumann and the Romantic Movement," The Outlook, April 7, 1906.

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until they become apathetic. His taste is too sensitive for that. Scarcely are we launched on an admiring study of his harmonic intricacies before we are arrested by some fascinating bit of utter simplicity and bell-like clarity. How grateful, after the ominous harmonies at the beginning of the Polonaise, opus 26, No. 2, in the lower register, the restless seventh chords of the principal tune, and the clanging dissonances above the pedal point on F at the middle of the first section—how grateful, after all this clamor and stridency, are the triads and dominant sevenths of the Meno mosso! It is as if some bright band of pilgrims marched, to the clear peal of trumpets, out of the dust and blood of a battlefield. Exquisitely beautiful, again, is the celestial purity of those chords, transparent and colorless as crystal, which are introduced near the beginning of the second impromptu. Other similar passages are the "religioso" section in the sixth nocturne and the middle section of the eleventh, both of which, in their ecclesiastical serenity and severity, take one back to Palestrina. And with all his diversity of vocabulary, Chopin never confuses his effects. He can pass from the extreme plainness of the fifth étude to the chromatic complexity of the sixth without the least adulteration of either.

Why the works of a master so various yet always so elevated in style, animated by so high an ideal of what it is worth while to say and of how it should be said, should be specially marked out for sentimentalization and degradation at the hands of performers too dull to divine their distinction, is one of the mysteries of perverse destiny. It is hard to see what justification can be found, either in the internal evidence of the works themselves or in the recorded opinions of their composer, by the misguided enthusiasts who drag out his lovely melodies into mawkish recitatives, break his chords into arpeggios, and vulgarize his *tempo rubato* into license of meter and confusion of rhythm. There is, to be sure, in much of his music a subjective quality, an intimacy of mood, which gives the debauchee of sentiment an opportunity he does not find in abstract classic art. There are even a few instances, to give him countenance, of actual affectation, the tiresome posturing of the "dramatic" tone-poet, as in the pompous ending of the ninth nocturne and the theatrical opening of the third scherzo, where Chopin seems to borrow a gesture from his friend Liszt. But the entire object of the foregoing analysis will have been missed if it has not convinced the reader of the essential distinction of Chopin's mind. He was not a man to strut and pose; he was too busy with an artistic ideal, too bent upon expressing a high vein of feeling in a faultless technical medium.

There is also plenty of documentary evidence to prove his abhorrence of all sickly sentiment, and of the messy technique it induces. Take for example the matter of the much-discussed *tempo rubato*. Chopin regarded this as a sensitive adjustment of time values, a delicate elasticity or flexibility of pace—by no means as a departure from essential metrical accuracy. "The left hand," he said to his pupil von Lenz, "is the conductor; it must not waver or lose ground; do with the right hand what you will and can." "He required," says another pupil, "adherence to the strictest rhythm, hated all lingering and dragging, misplaced *rubatos* and exaggerated *ritardandos*. 'Je vous prie de vous asseoir,' he said on such an occasion, with gentle mockery." His aversion to melodramatic expressiveness, in which the artist surrenders himself weakly to a momentary excitement, may be inferred from his remark on Liszt's performance of a Beethoven sonata: "Must one, however, always speak so declamatorily?" (*si declamatoirement.*) Finally, if he had really been a mere voluptuary and sentimentalist, is it likely that he would have composed with such concentrated intensity of labor? "He shut himself up in his room for whole days," writes George Sand, "weeping, walking, breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar a hundred times, writing and effacing it as many times, and recommencing the next day with a minute and desperate perseverance."

No, Chopin may not be a giant like Bach, or Mozart, or Handel, or Beethoven, but he is a sincere and earnest artist,

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and spares no pains to give his feelings worthy expression, and to attain a supreme plastic beauty. Above all, he is a man of the most delicate sensibility, the most discriminating taste, the most exacting ideal of perfection. In leaving him, it is pleasant to attend less to the sufferings to which these qualities condemned him as a man, than to the achievements to which they led him as an artist. This shifting of emphasis is what he would himself have desired, for his aspirations and standards were æsthetic rather than ethical; he lived as he could, it was only in composing that his will was free and efficient; his very individuality takes definite shape only in the favoring medium of musical imagination and emotion. In that firmament of music Frédéric Chopin will continue to shine, a fixed star, not perhaps of the first magnitude, but giving a wondrously clear, white light, and, as he would have wished, in peerless solitude.

A MODERN SCHOOL OF HEALTH

BY MAYNARD LADD

"I devote these buildings, and their successors in coming time, to the teaching of the medical and surgical arts which combat disease and death, alleviate injuries, and defend and assure private health, and to the pursuit of the biological and medical sciences on which depends all progress in the medical and surgical arts and in preventive medicine. I solemnly dedicate them to the service of individual men and of human society, and invoke upon them the favor of men and the blessing of God."

WITH these impressive words President Eliot accepted in behalf of the Corporation of Harvard University the noble group of buildings which are destined to be the center of medical education and research in New England. No institution can point to a more complete equipment for the study of medical science than that with which the Harvard Medical School is now endowed. It is in itself a great university. It embraces many departments of learning. To give a broader scope to its work it has opened its courses to those properly qualified who are not candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, but who are special students in other departments of Harvard University.

It recognizes the fact that the study of medicine must be built upon deeper knowledge than that obtained from the study of man's body alone. The great advances in medicine have been made by combining the results of biological, chemical, and physical research. This involves a comparative study of normal functions and disease in forms of life lower in the scale than man's. With this need in mind, there have been established three professorships of comparative medicine—of comparative anatomy, of comparative physiology, and of comparative pathology. The influence of such a policy in stimulating advanced investigations will be far-reaching.

Five years ago the Harvard Medical School was made practically a graduate department in requiring a collegiate degree for entrance. The recent innovations provide the foundations of an advanced school of research, similar in its aims to that of the Rockefeller Institute. The new buildings which have just been completed constitute the machinery for the carrying out of this plan of education. They consist of a central administration building with four massive wings, in each of which are two great laboratories, planned and equipped to carry out a twofold purpose—one, the training of young men in the fundamental principles of medical science; the other, the more advanced work for those who are intellectually qualified to carry their investigations into new or incompletely developed fields of scientific medicine. These laboratories, eight in all, are devoted to

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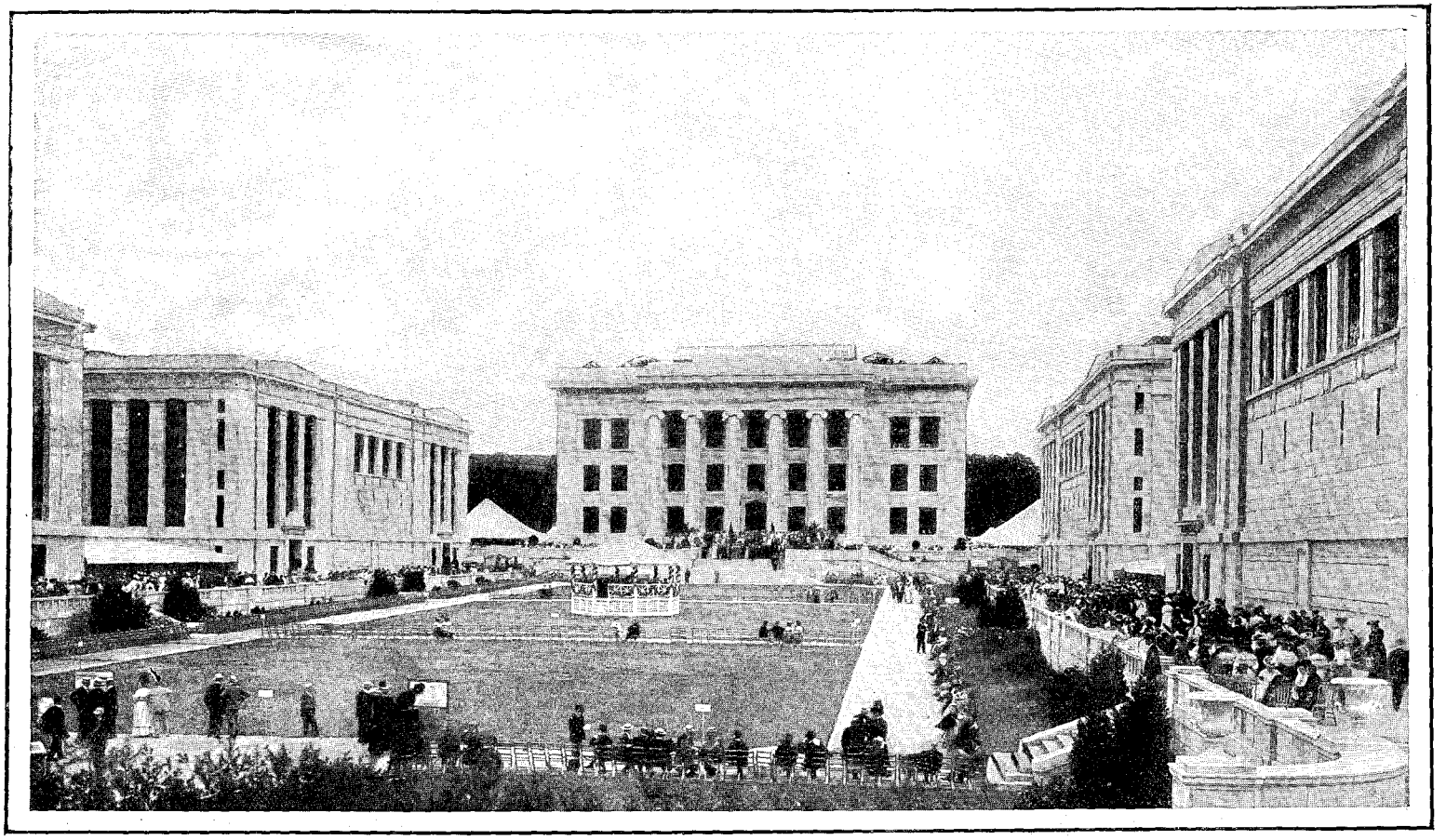

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

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anatomy, histology, physiology, physiological chemistry, bacteriology, pathology, pharmacology, and hygiene.

The scheme of medical education does not stop with this magnificent and inspiring provision for the study of the medical sciences. The faculty of the Harvard Medical School is keenly alive to the fact that the primary purpose of medicine is the alleviation of suffering and the cure of disease. Hospitals are the laboratories of clinical medicine. They are places, not, as is sometimes supposed, for experimentation on human beings, but for the intelligent practical application of the truths evolved from scientific research. No medical school is worthy of its name which cannot supply to its students and teachers the opportunity for clinical investigation and practice. The hospitals of Boston are in close affiliation with the Harvard Medical School by virtue of the fact that the physicians constituting the staffs are in many cases members of the Harvard Faculty of Medicine. No city in the United States offers better opportunities in the way of hospital work than Boston. It is, however, essential that the Faculty of Medicine shall be in a position to control the staff appointments in the hospitals in order that the men who are most qualified to teach and to carry on investigations in clinical research may be drawn from all parts of the world. There is a reasonable prospect that the Corporation of Harvard University will in the near future be given the appointing power in at least three large hospitals which are planned to be erected on the grounds immediately surrounding the laboratory buildings.

In the medical schools of our great universities and in such organizations as the Rockefeller Institute lies the hope of humanity against the ravages of disease which is the natural accompaniment of progressive civilization. The search for the cause of disease, for the knowledge of its manner of propagation, and for the means by which it may be controlled is the fundamental basis of modern medicine. An appreciation of the enormous economic losses and human suffering dependent upon an imperfect knowledge of the truth of natural science is reflected in the general interest which is manifested in medical education and in the rapid progress which has been made in medical knowledge in the last thirty years. These buildings of the Harvard Medical School stand as examples of the faith of men that, under favorable conditions, it is within the power of human mind to prevent the evils which prey upon the public health. Preventive medicine is, therefore, the keynote to modern research. What has been accomplished under this guiding principle is well illustrated by the knowledge of the causes and production of tuberculosis, smallpox, yellow fever, diphtheria, and other infectious diseases, and by the resulting efforts of Boards of Health to limit the spread of these pestilences. What can be accomplished with the knowledge already gained will be known only when the medical profession adopts measures for the education of the people in order that they may by individual co-operation unite in a common effort to arrest the spread of disease. The practical value of scientific research can no longer be questioned. The great discoveries of medicine have been made by correlating isolated facts, which, taken alone, were devoid of any practical application. Professor Welch struck the keynote of the spirit of higher education when he said, in his plea for the unity of medical sciences:

"The most ample and freely available facilities are an important condition for productive research, but on this creative side of university work men count for more than stately edifice and all the pride and pomp of outward life. Research is not to be bought in the marketplace, nor does it follow the commercial law of supply and demand. The multitude can acquire knowledge, but rare indeed are the thinkers born with the genius for discovery, and with the gift of the scientific imagination to interpret in broad generalizations and laws the phenomena of nature. These last are the glory of a university. Search for them far and wide, beyond college gate and city wall, and when found cherish them as a possession beyond all price."

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MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER

BY IRVING F. WOOD

New Road, N. Y.

My dear Cousin:

I send you a little package as a remembrance of your native place. The picture is taken from the bridge in front of Aunt Margaret's, looking up toward Mrs. Benedict's. On one side is the shoe-shop, on the other the old church and the store. I am sure that, in spite of so many years in the city, you will still care to see the old familiar place. It looks now just as it did thirty years ago.

I OPENED the package with eager curiosity. Certainly my country cousin knew the way to the heart of a city man. But I looked at the picture amazed. I might easily have passed it by as one of some place that I had never seen. How small the brook had grown! How few houses there were in what had seemed to my boyhood so populous a place! Only four buildings were visible, and, dimly seen through the foliage, glimpses of a fifth, Uncle Matt's house. Yes, it was all there. It had not changed in the least. Yet it looked very different.

The picture was fixed with a ribbon to hang on the wall. I hung it in my study. That was my mistake. It forthwith began to wield an influence over me entirely out of proportion to its size or artistic quality. The trouble is that it was an active stimulant of memory and imagination. In that house peeping through the trees at the rear of the picture was sitting, and had sat for long years, crippled, helpless, confined to her wheeled chair, Hattie Benedict, she of the bright face and nimble feet of our old school days—sat, so they wrote me, with cheerful face and many a jest that passed with laughter among the neighbors. Here, too, was her mother, a saintly woman, grown patient with much suffering, who gave her days and nights to caring for this invalid daughter. Across the street, Uncle Matt, who seemed old when I was a boy, still hobbled out to his seat under the big maple in the summer. I knew that to the right, a little out of the picture, were the houses of William, Hattie's big, strong farmer brother, and of my aunt, living quietly with her daughter, who had sent me the picture, and reaping the rewards of a laborious life in the honor of her six honest, true-hearted children. Down the road a little way, below where the brook babbled under the bridge from which the photograph was taken, stood the parsonage. I could remember just how it looked—a little square white house, which had held many generations of ministers. I had met the man who now occupied it, a gray-haired man, who through his college-bred sons had kept in touch with the moving world, and so had held his youth. Oh yes! I knew the outgoings of the picture in all directions. I could sit before it and follow the road over the hill to my father's mountain home, long since passed into the hands of strangers, and on for many miles beyond; or I could leave the road, leap the fence by the meeting-house sheds, and go "cross lots," the way we boys came to church afoot, until I reached the big rock in the woods and the great sweep of mountain and forest that met the eye when one came to the brow of the hill in the pasture just beyond. The rocks of this pasture overlooked my father's home, and had been the dearest companions of my somewhat solitary childhood. Would I, the city pastor, know myself if I went back and sat on them again? There was the path through the woods along which I used to day-dream my way to school. Would I day-dream again if I went back and followed it? How peaceful the old place was, with none of the complexities of modern life to disturb its quiet! How natural it would seem to go into the meeting-house once more! Then the instinct of the preacher awoke. How I would like to preach to my old friends and neighbors! Not that I could presume to teach them anything from the pulpit. Beyond doubt the years had brought to them in many cases a richer Christian life and a closer fellowship with God than they had to me; but perhaps I could express for them some things which life had brought to us all. Anyway, I would like to see

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them. There were Dennis and Arthur and Alice and Mary and—a stranger will not care for the list of names. If you have come from some little place in the country, you will see how this picture kept tugging at me

"With the cords of a man,
With the bands of love."

Of course the inevitable happened. My next vacation found me, one day, at a junction in the hills waiting for a way train which would let me off at the flag station two miles over the mountain from New Road. Already I looked about with curiosity. The station had been familiar in my student days, and was so near to the home place that I might expect to chance upon some one who lived in the neighborhood. Only a gray-haired couple were in the station, perhaps also waiting for the way train. The man—why, surely, I know him! He is Mr. Judson, the New Road minister. The gentle, sweet-faced woman must be Mrs. Judson.

It was two hours till train time. We sat long on the bench outside the station. All was quiet except that a few freight trains rumbled past on the busier road—the road we should not take. As one of them moved by, Mrs. Judson leaned forward and said, "My dear! See! There are two cars of our line!"

I looked where her finger pointed. I was surprised to see, instead of the mark of some road near which they might have lived in days gone by, two cars of a private transportation company which had been under fire in recent months as most flagrantly violating the laws of the land. What connection could this country minister and his wife possibly have with that rich and unscrupulous car line?

Already the train had passed, and Mrs. Judson turned to me. "You know," she said, smiling, "country ministers don't save money enough out of their salaries to buy stock in the Blackball Line. Ours came from the estate of a brother of Mr. Judson who went West and became very well-to-do. Just fancy how rich it makes us feel to be stockholders in a car line! But, really, it has been worth a great deal to us. Formerly it only paid moderate dividends, but for some years now the dividends have been enormous—quite enormous. I don't see how such a large per cent. can be honestly earned. I suppose it must be. I am sure I shouldn't want to take it if it was not. There has been so much we could do. We helped our oldest boy Robert in his graduate studies, and sent Bessie abroad for a summer's travel with him when he went to Germany to study, and do a great many things for our children which few country ministers can. About as good as that, though, is the fact that we support a native catechist, all ourselves, in China. You see, when Mr. Judson was young he wanted to go as a missionary to China, but gave it up because he was engaged to me, and my health was such they wouldn't take me"—here I noticed that her hand slid into his—"so this seems a sort of reparation. God has been very good to us to let the company earn so much for us."

"My dear," she added, turning to her husband, "do you suppose you could get that sewing-silk for me in the village here before the train comes? You know," she said to me, "the store in New Road does not keep a great variety of fancy goods."

"Would you like to walk down with me?" said Mr. Judson to me.

"Do," said his wife. "I'll sit in that rocking-chair inside, and have a nice rest all alone by myself."

And so, without questioning the possible implications of her last remark, we went down the village street.

We walked a moment in silence. "I think," said Mr. Judson, slowly, "that right and wrong are not quite so simple as they seem to have been in the days of the Hebrew prophets. You know quite well what those increased dividends of the Blackball Line mean."

"I do," said I. I thought of my grand old deacon, who in his integrity refused to meet Blackball competition with Blackball methods, and whose last days—but that is too long a story to tell now.

"You see, my good wife doesn't," he said, "and I haven't the heart to explain it to her. She thanks God every day for the success of the company. We have pinched along all these years, and now it makes her so happy to have a little extra money to do good with. But

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my sister's case is still more complicated. My brother left her a little Blackball stock, and a good deal more stock in a concern which depends for its success on Blackball rates. They have squeezed that concern to the bottom notch, and my sister, who is now quite infirm, has been saved from absolute dependence only by the unjust rise in the small amount of Blackball stock she has. Of course we have shared our prosperity with her, but that is not the same as having money of her own. I think I ought to preach about honesty. Country people love money as well as city people. You know that. And yet whenever I do it, I feel like a hypocrite. Now, you are a city minister. You must see things at closer range than we men in the country. What ought I to do? Have I any duty at all? I wish you would tell me."

I shook my head. One of the few lessons I think I have learned—and I sometimes say things which make me doubt if I have learned even that—is not to give snap judgments.

"We will talk this over at New Road," said I.

It was almost dark on Saturday when I finally arrived at New Road. The next morning I preached at the church, as I had wished. How small it looked, and how meager in numbers the audience seemed! As I sat in the pulpit I looked about eagerly, searching for the faces of my old friends. Here and there I saw young people who had a familiar aspect. By the side of them were people in middle life, who also looked familiar; and soon it began to dawn on me that these older people were my schoolfellows, and that the young people were their children. Really? Are those of my generation, and I with them, growing old like that? Those whom I formerly knew as the fathers and mothers have mostly worshiped for many years in the house not made with hands. After all, going back to one's old home has its somber side.

I should have forgotten, in the memories of the past, all the complexities of present life outside this little old hill-town place, except for one petition in Mr. Judson's prayer. "So tangled is this skein of life," he prayed, "and so far out its threads run, that we cannot trace them all. Keep our souls very simple and clear-sighted in the midst of our perplexities."

The next day I called at Mrs. Benedict's. Hattie sat in her wheeled chair, almost motionless with her disease, but very glad to see her old friends. She and her mother had many kindly questions to ask about my life and its work.

"I suppose," said Hattie, "you have electric cars and automobiles and all the new things where you live?"

"Yes," I said, "so many new things that the very newness is old, and then people get a fad of hunting up the old things so as to have something new."

"Well," she replied, "we don't have to do that. That is one of the advantages of living back here. But we do sometimes see something new. I had been so curious to see an automobile, and two years ago one actually came through here. And then what do you think? If it didn't break down right in front of the house, and they had to work over it for an hour and a half before they got it started! So I had a good chance to see it all I wanted to."

"Hattie says that when our Chicago property yields a little more and the roads get a good deal better we will have an automobile of our own," said her mother.

"You have heard about our Chicago property, haven't you?" asked Hattie.

"Dear me! Chicago property! No," said I.

"Why," said she, "it is some that Uncle Richard left us ten years ago. It came to Uncle Matt and mother. Rufus looks after it."

"Of course you remember my son Rufus," interposed Mrs. Benedict.

"Why, mother," said Hattie, "don't you remember what great friends he and Rufus were in school?"

"So you were," said Mrs. Benedict. "Well, you know Rufus is now a professor in a college out West, and so he looks after the Chicago property, though I don't know, after all, as he has ever seen it. It is in the hands of an agent."

"It has been doing so well lately!" broke in Hattie, eagerly. "It was so nice for Uncle Matt to have that to fall

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back on in his old age. And I don't know what mother and I would have done without it, especially that year William's cows all died. It brings in much larger rents than it used to, and we have been able to help other people. Just think!" she laughed out with the merry ring that took me straight back to the school-house playground, "a widow and an invalid daughter to help other people! Isn't it fine?"

Fine! I should think it was! And as I went about among my old friends, and heard stories of this and that, I found many an evidence of wise use of a little "Benedict money"—which the Benedicts called "Chicago money"—and kept repeating to myself Hattie's phrase, "Isn't it fine!"

My visit was almost over when one morning I came around the corner by the store, and who should I meet but Rufus Benedict!

Never mind what we said and did. His students and my parishioners might think it undignified. It was not. It was just rejuvenescence. There! Doesn't that sound properly dignified?

That afternoon we sat under the big maple and had a long talk.

"And so you look after the Chicago property," I said.

"I want to talk with you about that Chicago property," he said.

"I'm not a business man," I protested.

"I don't want to talk business. I want to talk ethics."

"Same thing under another name," I murmured.

"No, 'tisn't. Not by a long shot. Keep such platitudes for the pulpit," he exclaimed, hotly.

"Well, what about it?" said I.

"I've been teaching ethics in college for fifteen years," he said, energetically, "and I tell you that all our books on the subject are simply kindergarten playthings. They aren't even as far advanced as primers. I've seen this Chicago property; and it has loaded an ethical problem on me that no writer of text-books ever dreamed of. I want to tell you about it, if you won't think I am a bore."

"Rufe, old boy," said I, as I laid my hand on his knee, "what do you take me for?"

"You have lived in Chicago," said he, "and you know what Blank Street is."

"Every Chicago minister knows that it is the gate of hell," said I.

"Well," said he, "our Chicago property, which is doing so much good here in this little back place among the hills, is on the worst part of that street. Think of it! I had long known where it was, but I was never in Chicago to see it, and knew nothing of the character of the neighborhood. Coming east this time I stopped to see it. I found my way to it alone, in the evening. I soon saw what it was; saloons to the right, saloons to the left, and hell all around. And the building that belongs to us is very evidently a peculiarly attractive saloon, and I know not what else. Then suddenly it came over me why the rents had been so good. It made me sick. I did not wait to see the agent. I didn't wait to see the property by daylight. I came out on the next train that same night. And I have been turning the thing over in my mind ever since. Of course I can give my mother no inkling of the truth. If she supposed that liquor was sold in the building—and probably that is the most innocent thing that is done there—she would starve rather than touch a cent of the money. Would it do any good for her to starve? We might sell the property, but I remember the agent wrote me some time ago that, while it rented well, it would be impossible to sell it for anything like its value; and if we did, its use would not be in the least changed. We can't clear out the tenants, for they have a long lease; and even if we could, it could be rented for no better purpose than a saloon. One could see that from its surroundings. Of course if it were only I, I could do something. But it is not I at all. I use none of the money, and never have. It is mother and Hattie and Uncle Matt and every unfortunate family in New Road, and—oh, you know all about it!"

Yes, I knew all about it. And the more I thought about what I knew, the more tangled the matter was in my mind. Mr. Judson had been correct. The questions of right and wrong are no longer simple.

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And so we talked it over, with no clear result.

"Now isn't this," said Rufus at last, "the grimmest sarcasm on the outcome of nineteen centuries of what we call Christian civilization! Here we are, one a minister from a city, who has spent his life learning to apply Christian principles to practical American conditions, and the other a professor of philosophy and ethics, who ought to know at least the theory of it, and we are routed by a simple little ethical problem just because there are some actual live people in it. If it were only a problem in a book, how quickly either of us would solve it! I thought perhaps you might have some light to throw on it. Of course I couldn't expect a country minister like Mr. Judson to help me out very much. Life must be very simple, as he has led it, in quiet country parishes."

"That's the mistaken notion I had," said I, "but he has puzzles of his own. I must leave to-morrow morning, but you go to him and say that I sent you to swap stories of the complexity of American business life; and I think you and he will be interested in each other's experiences."

I am sitting before my study table in the city. I am planning to write a sermon on the danger to American morals from the insidiousness of financial corruption. I suppose every minister is preaching sermons on that subject this year. I have chosen my text—"Touch no unclean thing." I lean back, and my eye catches the little picture of New Road, which still hangs on the wall before me. My memory recalls Mr. Judson and Rufus. And so I have delayed my sermon to tell this story, and to ask you, What ought I to have advised them? What would you have advised them if you had been in my place?

Anyway, I think I will change my text. I will take St. Paul's saying, "We are members one of another."

Comment on Current Books

Another Book on Ireland

Sir Robert Anderson's "Side Lights on the Home Rule Movement" is emphatically a controversy-breeding book. It contains the recollections of the well-known British Secret Service official so far as they pertain to his activity in connection with Fenianism and later aspects of Irish agitation, and it may also be described as in large part a scathing criticism of the Irish sections of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," which Sir Robert attacks as the work of a romanticist rather than a historian. Probably the greatest interest attaches to his defense of the indefatigable "informer," Le Caron; to his comments on the Phœnix Park murders, and to his revelations of the ease with which he secured information from "patriots," and thus kept in close touch with every development of the campaign for a free Ireland. Taking direct issue with Mr. Morley, Sir Robert affirms that Le Caron's services to the Government were not those of a paid spy, but of a loyal Englishman who joined the Irish movement solely for the purpose of protecting the interests of his country, and that instead of being for twenty years in the employ of Scotland Yard, Scotland Yard was not aware of his existence until he appeared before the Parnell Commission. Parnell, of course, receives considerable attention, and it is evidently the author's opinion that he was not quite sane. Sir Robert does not hesitate to charge that the Phœnix Park murders were the work of officials of the Land League, at whose door he specifically lays the responsibility for numerous other brutal crimes. In addition to the chapters of reminiscence there are chapters dealing with Irish history, past and present, written from the standpoint of an ardent Unionist who believes that "the wit of man cannot devise a home rule scheme under which Ireland will not be either entirely subordinate to England or entirely independent." (Side Lights on the Home Rule Movement. By Sir Robert Anderson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.)

The Battle of the Weak

Gossips Green, the tiny village in southern England which is the scene of a novel by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, did not get much material for comment from the lives of Lucy Bertram and her wild lover Quaker Jay. The complication of a loveless marriage for Lucy, while accepted with its responsibilities, is disentangled at last by the sudden death

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of her husband, the drowning of her strange child, and the return of her wandering lover in affluence. Such events are a good deal to ask of nature, but they are nothing to the wide imagination of a novelist. (The Battle of the Weak. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. $1.50.)

Billy Bounce A certain type of picture-books for children has become extremely popular within the last two or three years. Mr. W. W. Denslow's fantastic pictures in such stories as "The Wizard of Oz" seem to please the child fancy, although they have a tendency to excess and grotesqueness. In the present book the pictures illustrate a whimsical and comical tale by Mr. Bragdon. (Billy Bounce. By W. W. Denslow and Dudley A. Bragdon. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. $1.50.)

Campaigning with Grant General Porter's story of his campaigns with Grant will long maintain its place as one of the best books about the Civil War, not only because it is authoritative, but more especially because it is full of human and personal interest, and is written with animation and with compelling descriptive power. We are glad to see that a new edition has become necessary. (Campaigning with Grant. By General Horace Porter, LL.D. The Century Company, New York. $1.80, net.)

The Crimson Sweater Mr. Barbour's books for boys are extremely popular. This new story is not confined to the interest of football, as one might surmise, but deals with a boy's life at school in many aspects. Roy is a genuine, sturdy American lad, full of love for athletics and for fun of every kind, but with sound ideas about fair play and right and wrong in sport and study. It is perfectly safe to predict a large reading for this book among American school-boys. (The Crimson Sweater. By Ralph Henry Barbour. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Creative Imagination A critical discussion of this obscure subject, both analytic and synthetic, has long been a desideratum, and is here undertaken by a well-known psychologist. First dissecting the several factors of the imaginative process—the conscious, unconscious, and organic—the essay reviews its development in animals, children, primitive myth-making men, and the higher forms of invention; then examines its various types, not omitting those that are oftenest passed over—the practical, mechanical, and commercial. The chapter on "The Commercial Imagination" is a highly interesting original study. The root of the imaginative process, of whatever type, is found in the emotional nature; its efflorescence is found omnipresent in every phase of human life. As an exposition of what the creative faculty is, M. Ribot's exposition is complete; its proper culture and training is the vital part of the subject upon which much still needs to be written. (Essay on the Creative Imagination. By Th. Ribot. Translated from the French by Albert H. N. Baron. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. $1.75, net.)

De Quincey's Confessions A pleasing small-volume, thin-paper edition of an English classic. (The Autobiography and Confessions of Thomas De Quincey. Edited by Tighe Hopkins. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25, net.)

The Florida Purchase In his recent study of the Florida Purchase, Mr. Hubert Bruce Fuller has carefully traversed the subject from its dim beginnings in Revolutionary times to the actual cession of 1821, and while it is impossible to accept unreservedly his conclusion that the United States secured the Floridas by methods on a par with those by which Mexico was later despoiled, it must be granted that his efforts result in a clearer understanding of some difficult passages in the history of the period. The point of view throughout is that of the investigator seeking to arrive at the truth regardless of what the truth involves, and is fully in accord with Mr. Fuller's preliminary explanation of what he regards as the province of the historian. Unfortunately, though this includes most of the essential requisites, it does not include appreciation of the necessity for making the narrative interesting, and consequently, despite the romance and pathos inherent in the theme, the book is rather arid reading. For all his care, too, Mr. Fuller has permitted some needless slips and ambiguities. Thus, the boundary of thirty-one degrees is said (p. 31) to have been "based" on the charter of George II., and (p. 34) to have "had its origin" in the grant of Charles I.; the names of the conqueror of the Illinois country and of the Georgia pioneer are (pp. 63, 64, 171) variously spelled "Clark" and "Clarke;" we are told (p. 213) that De Onis was appointed Minister from Spain in 1810, whereas (p. 216) the appointment is otherwise dated from 1809. Close revision should be had in the event of another edition, and the work thus be made still more valuable to historical students, who will undoubtedly welcome it if only because it gives ready access to much documentary information hitherto not generally available.

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(The Purchase of Florida. By Hubert Bruce Fuller. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland.)

Hearts Triumphant The author of "Hearts Triumphant" makes use of one of the many formulas of fiction, and her book, touching life at no point, is a conventional romance which will prove satisfactory to those who are entertained by a readjustment of material. The story is lacking in emotional or intellectual point, but it presents a series of somewhat artistic tableaux, and its weakness is somewhat disguised by its romantic manner. Mistress Prudence Morrison, portrayed in some rather pretty and old-fashioned drawings, is the heroine of the tale, but the most striking figure is Betty Jumel, the object of Aaron Burr's devotion. (Hearts Triumphant. By Edith Sessions Tupper. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Henry Northcote Mr. Snaith's former book, "Broke of Covenden," attracted attention because of its unquestioned power, although it was extremely uneven, sometimes grandiloquent, and in point of style often badly written. His present novel has all the faults and none of the merits of its predecessor. (Henry Northcote. By John Collis Snaith. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

A Hundred Years Hence If the optimistic author of this volume had written A Hundred Years Ago, there would have been less confusion in the minds of his readers. He is like a timid beginner sliding cautiously out upon ice which he fancies is thin, but which has been the solid playground of many boys before him. The expectations that he cherishes, elaborating them with a somewhat tedious care, are entirely devoid of the least novel or surprising element. Far from astonishing us by a bold flight into the regions of scientific impossibilities, which he seems to fear, he leaves us lost in amazement at the feebleness of his imagination. This sort of optimism will never startle the world. (A Hundred Years Hence. By T. Baron Russell. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50, net.)

In the Canadian Rockies Mr. Hornaday is one of the recognized authorities on natural history and animal life. He has given us here, however, not a scientific book, but a thoroughly readable account of outdoor enjoyment in mountain regions of British Columbia, or, as he terms it himself, "a story of recreations with big game, with a few notes on nature." The incidents of camp life, good luck and bad luck in hunting, the laborious travel over trails which had to be chopped out to let the pack-train through—all are described with vivaciousness and profound love of nature and feeling of the spell of the mountains. Mr. Hornaday had as his companion an expert photographer, Mr. John M. Phillips, and scores of fine photographs add to the beauty and interest of the book. (Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies. By William T. Hornaday, Sc.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3, net.)

The Little King of Angel's Landing The character of little Abe in this unusually tender story is a rather remarkable study of boy nature. The pathos which commonly associates itself with the cripple has become almost a literary convention; but the humanity of the little figure here is just as fresh and as touching as if the appeal were new in kind. The plot, apart from its setting, is a familiar one; a child surviving the explosion of an Ohio River steamboat is rescued and adopted by an old man living near the wharf, and is finally identified and restored to his mother and father. There is nothing notable in the action; the strength of the story lies in the character of little Abe. The study is keen as well as tender, and there is something peculiarly American in the traits revealed—a material shrewdness coupled with an idealism unusually pure. (The Little King of Angel's Landing. By Elmore Elliott Peake. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.)

Merrylips It is really no inconsiderable literary triumph to create, as Miss Dix has done in this book, a little girl of the time of Cromwell, and make her as real and natural and simple as any child of our own times could be. Merrylips is curiously involved in the contests between Roundheads and Cavaliers, but in all her exciting experiences never ceases to be an altogether delightful little maid. This story has decidedly finer literary flavor than most books for children or about children. (Merrylips. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Moorish Cities in Spain The "Langham Series" already contains such worthwhile volumes as Mr. Dircks's "Rodin," Mr. Singer's "Whistler," Dr. Muther's "Millet" and "Goya," and Mr. Brinton's "Bartolozzi." But the art monographs comprised in the series do not concern themselves alone with the lives of artists; they have also to do with various cities as art centers—for instance, Mrs. Erskine's "London as an Art City," Mr. Zacher's "Venice," and his "Rome." From

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the latest addition to the series, a volume entitled on the cover "Moorish Cities," one anticipates something illuminative of Tangier or Fez; instead, the title-page shows us that the book is not about Moorish cities in Morocco, but about Moorish cities in Spain. Mrs. Gallichan, who writes under the name C. Gasquoine Hartley, evidently knows her Spain well. She describes in welcome and never wearisome detail Cordova, Toledo, Seville, and Granada, and they that dwelt therein. We have here no guide-book detail, however. The reader is supposed to have Baedeker or Murray at his elbow. But we do find hints not contained in any guide-book. The little volume, well printed and flexibly bound, is worth buying if only to read what its author has to say about Dominico Theotocópulo, better known as El Greco, the forerunner of Velasquez. Toledo's overmastering strength and individuality as a town were well matched by El Greco's. It is also worth while to buy the book if only to read in the succeeding chapter what Mrs. Gallichan says about Murillo and Zurbarán, as one learns to know them in the most attractive of Spanish cities. (Moorish Cities in Spain. By C. Gasquoine Hartley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1, net.)

The Open Secret of Nazareth A visitor amidst the unchanged simplicity of Nazareth here unfolds his thought of the simplicity of Jesus' religion. The volume contains "ten letters written by Bartimæus, whose eyes were opened, to Thomas, a seeker after truth." It is suffused with devotional feeling and animated with poetic imagination, but clear in moral insight. That the whole of man is in his will, not in his thought or feeling by itself, is psychologically true. It is by constant *willing* that one becomes what he is or what he should be. And so "the open secret" which Jesus strove to impart—the truth which, however evident, eludes so many—is that of the "Consecrated Will"—the active endeavor on all the small or serious occasions presenting themselves at the cross-roads of daily life to identify one's self with the divine will of pure goodness to all our fellows. The elegant typographical form of the book, printed in colors and illustrated with Palestinian scenes, adds to its intrinsic suitableness for a Christmas gift. (The Open Secret of Nazareth. By Bradley Gilman. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1, net. Postage, 10 cents.)

The Pass This is of like character with Mr. White's "The Forest" and "The Mountain." The book tells the story of a trip across the high Sierras. The difficulties and pleasures of an expedition in unknown or almost unknown country, the finding of one's way through a mountain pass supposed to be inaccessible, the joys of open-air life, of cabin and camp-fire, and of healthful fatigue, are all brought vividly before the reader. The volume is handsomely illustrated and prettily decorated. (The Pass. By Stewart Edward White. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

Perkins of Portland The man who wrote "Pigs is Pigs," and made everybody laugh, would have done wisely to rest upon his laurels. Sequels and second books in the wake of a popular success, while they may be measurably good themselves, are usually dangerous experiments. This little book is, unfortunately, no exception to the rule. (Perkins of Portland. By Ellis Parker Butler. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. $1.)

The Pond in the Marshy Meadow "The Pond in the Marshy Meadow" has the indefinable touch which will commend it to the minds of children, but the little folks to whom it is dedicated will have to share their pleasure with every one who can remember brooks and pasture-lands, and all the sweet, lazy experiences of childhood in the country. The little book is entirely free from an artificial something that sometimes mars such nature stories, and the sentiment is pure and delicate. In describing the camaraderie existing between the Boy and Girl and the Snapping-Turtle and the Tadpoles, and the various People of the Pool, the writer expresses herself in a quaint imaginative vein that is sure to charm her youthful listeners. And they will be greatly pleased with the rhymes of the Snapping-Turtle, who, in spite of his decidedly stupid appearance, is something of a poet and a philosopher. Unfortunately, the illustrations are not satisfactory—not worthy of the text. (The Pond in the Marshy Meadow. By Anne Helena Woodruff. The Saalfield Publishing Company, New York. $1.50.)

Prescott the Historian The undoubtedly continuing demand for the works of the great American historian Prescott is a healthful sign of sound American taste and culture. The present edition has been carefully edited as to text, is printed from new type, and has many well-chosen illustrations. The set of twelve volumes is issued at a very moderate price, and may be commended to all those who wish to have a complete library edition of the books of the author of "The Conquest of Peru," "The Conquest of Mexico," and "Ferdinand and Isabella." The excellent and authorized "Life

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of Prescott" by George Ticknor is included. (The Complete Works of William H. Prescott. Library Edition. In 12 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $12.)

Prisoners This is not so well-rounded and satisfying a story as was "Red Pottage," the novel which brought the author into general notice. Yet in its central situation "Prisoners" is poignantly powerful, and it is also marked by extremely clever bits of character-work, and here and there by humorously shrewd, semi-epigrammatic comments on men and things. One can hardly endure or believe in the selfish cruelty of the Englishwoman who allows a noble gentleman who loves her to suffer for two years, charged with murder, in an Italian prison when a word from her might clear him. He has deliberately accepted the burden of a crime of which he is totally innocent in order to shield her repute from scandal. But the misery she endures binds her as heavily as do the chains her victim. (Prisoners in Misery and Chains. By Mary Cholmondeley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Railway Children Mrs. Bland, whose pen name is perhaps better known than her own, has put into this book a lively and fun-loving family of children whose adventures are as amusing and as readable as those of her famous "Would-be-Goods." By a family misfortune these children are for a time deprived of their father, compelled to leave their pleasant home, and obliged to live in a little cottage close to the railway. All their strange joys and troubles are in one way or another connected with this railway and its surroundings. A jovial guard, a friendly engineer, and some curious passengers have parts in the little plot. The incidents are worked out in a decidedly original way, and the story is strong enough to hold the attention of older readers as well as of young people. The chief defect seems to us the somewhat over-melodramatic background, dealing with the father's imprisonment on false charges and final reinstatement through the unconscious agency of the children. (The Railway Children. By E. Nesbit. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Ring in the New Richard Whiteing, the stanch apostle of democracy, declares his faith once more, in a novel of London life, among the working classes of that great, grimy city. The too common fate of untrained, ignorant, well-born girls overtakes Prue, and she finds herself among the struggling crowd of wage-earners, without a single claim for wages except the supposed necessity of living. The details of her battle for a livelihood are not described with the straightforward, compelling sincerity of such a story as "The Long Day," but enough is told to make us realize the danger and menace to society of such a situation. Prue wins out in the end, and learns lessons that widen her sympathies and energize her hands to work for others. The most vivid individual in the book is Sarah, the charwoman. The weakest parts of the story are the extracts from "The Branding Iron," a free-lance periodical written entirely by the hero. The climax is reached when the English election returns show the victory of the Labor party, hailed as the beginning of the millennium by Mr. Whiteing. (Ring in the New. By Richard Whiteing. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.)

Robert Browne The historical importance of Robert Browne appears in the fact that the Congregational church-order among English-speaking people took rise from him, with the Pilgrim Church of the Mayflower as its first permanent embodiment. Browne's career was certainly checkered, and even his character has not escaped severe criticism. Mr. Burrage has devoted some years to investigating the original sources of information, and several manuscripts long lost sight of have come to his hand in Browne's own writing. Based on the ample evidence now accessible, Mr. Burrage presents the results as supplementary and corrective to the generally accepted account of Browne, as given by the late Dr. H. M. Dexter. His verdict is that Browne was really "a singularly honest and an unusually brave man." (The True Story of Robert Browne (1550–1633). By Champlin Burrage, M.A. Henry Frowde, London.)

A Sheaf of Stories All Susan Coolidge's stories for children have a fine sympathy with child-nature, and are free from the exaggeration and sensationalism which mark too many books of the juvenile class. Here about a dozen short tales about animals and about holiday rejoicings are collected in a pretty volume. (A Sheaf of Stories. By Susan Coolidge. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Stories by Mark Twain In this new volume of a uniform edition of Mark Twain's work are contained a dozen or more short stories and sketches, mostly of recent production. Some of them are purely and solely humorous, others have an underlying serious purpose. The people of this country love and honor "Mark Twain" as a man, and eagerly read his writing, new and old. (The $30,000 Bequest. By Mark

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Twain. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.75.)

The Story of Scraggles Scraggles is a little song-sparrow who tells his own story in his own words. Mr. James found the little bird crippled and weak, took it into his home, and made of it a constant companion. Thus arose an intimate friendship between man and bird, which in its truthful record bears out the author's belief that common understanding and affectionate kinship to birds and beasts might and should be more frequent. (The Story of Scraggles. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.)

Tarry at Home Travels Readers of The Outlook are familiar with Dr. Hale's delightfully desultory talk about certain phases of American history and development. These papers, which first appeared as illustrated articles in The Outlook, have now been published in handsome book form, and gain thereby a unity of purpose and treatment which make them even more acceptable as a book than as articles. Dr. Hale always treats his reader as a personal friend, and chats with him about men and things out of a full store of knowledge and with abundant personal anecdote and apt literary illustration and historical parallel. The purpose and execution of the work are infused throughout with high ideals and generous patriotism. (Tarry at Home Travels. By Edward Everett Hale. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.)

The Voyages of Champlain By including in their "Trail Maker" series a new English version of the "Voyages of Champlain," Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. have brought within the reach of a wide audience one of the most valuable and interesting narratives of early American exploration. They have likewise been well advised in intrusting the necessary work of annotation to such a competent scholar as Professor Bourne. Recent research has brought to light so many corrective facts that parts of Champlain's writings—and more particularly his account of the massacre of the Huguenots in Florida—must be read with great critical caution, and Professor Bourne has spared no pains to assist the student to discriminate between truth and error. He has also freely but carefully availed himself of the notes of previous commentators, the result being an edition that represents in brief the sum of present-day knowledge. Mrs. Bourne, who has acted as translator, has similarly acquitted herself well, preserving with fidelity the quaint old-time atmosphere of the original. (The Voyages and Explorations of Samuel de Champlain. Narrated by Himself. Translated by Annie Nettleton Bourne. Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. In 2 vols.)

Thirteen Men A collection of short stories by W. A. Fraser recalls the fact that India has been a happy hunting ground for fiction-makers ever since Kipling opened the gate. In these stories the matter as well as the manner shows the deadening influence of facile imitation. American Indians and fighting, burly Scotch lumbermen also figure in the tales, which doubtless would be read with some interest, from the pages of a magazine, on a railway journey. (Thirteen Men. By W. A. Fraser. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Wild Flower Book for Young People The public is already familiar with Miss Lounsberry's valuable studies of trees and flowers, and it will welcome this new book, which is specially prepared for young people. But no one will open the volume without missing at once the beautiful and accurate illustrations of Mrs. Rowan, who contributed so much to the success of the preceding books. Photographs of flowers are not only cold and unsatisfactory in that they fail to catch the spirit of the flower—what one might call its temperament—but they are actually inadequate for purposes of identification, when they are presented to the casual student. Compare these lifeless photographs with the flower-studies of the Japanese, for instance—delicate and suggestive, expressing the vital character of the flower with marvelous simplicity; the camera has its limitations. The text is full of excellent material. The writer has endeavored to adapt her work to young people by embodying her knowledge in the experiences of a little girl who tells the story of her country life, beginning with early spring and going through the seasons. But the device is a little too evident and the chapters are at times perfunctory. Miss Lounsberry is at her best when her method is clear and concise, and her touch is not perfectly adapted to the form she chooses here, although a great deal of interesting and useful information is thus conveyed in simple language. (The Wild Flower Book for Young People. By Alice Lounsberry. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50, net.)

The Wit of the Wild Mr. Ernest Ingersoll may always be relied on in his books about animals to present the results of careful and accurate observation

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in a readable way and with a considerable infusion of the story element. Here he tells about weasels, wasps, birds and their romances, and includes discussions on animal partners and the possibility of animal suicides. He is an honest and faithful naturalist, and does not let romance run away with fact. (The Wit of the Wild. By Ernest Ingersoll. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.20, net.)

Letters to The Outlook

THE CAUSE OF HEARST

As a reader of The Outlook who cast his first vote for a Republican President, his next for a Democratic reformer, who voted for Mr. Roosevelt as Governor, and who regards the Independence League as in a sense the successor of the early independent movements in either party for political advance, may I state some of the reasons which impel me to vote for Mr. Hearst as the nominee of that League?

I think you will agree with me that we should bring a philosophical spirit to the consideration of political movements, and not be swayed by mere personal or partisan feeling in a decision as to the voter's duty.

Political parties all over the world are increasingly taking up industrial questions. These are the ferment of the time. An industrial democracy, it would seem, is to be the social order of the future, taking the place of the feudalistic, militant, and capitalistic forms of society that have prevailed.

Such a democracy, in my opinion, must steadily tend in the direction which the commonwealths of Switzerland and New Zealand are taking. There must be direct primaries for the nomination of representatives, legislation through the initiative and referendum, State arbitration in labor disputes, old-age pensions, State insurance, postal savings banks, and a general adoption of the idea that the people are to govern more directly and that the welfare of the mass of the people is the main business of government. There must be further a frank recognition of the principle that the State—that is, the people's committee of the whole—is to democratize wealth by equalizing opportunity, carrying on businesses that are subject to monopoly, and curbing by taxation and other means the acquisitiveness of the strong in the interest of civilization, so that the every-day man shall have comfort and leisure, in a society in which there shall be no ultra-wealthy and no "submerged tenth."

Under the rule of the Republican party—simply because it happens to have been the party in power—in this country during the last forty years the opposite tendency, the concentration of wealth and of political power, has gone on with almost uninterrupted progress. One per cent. of the people now own more than fifty per cent. of the wealth. Railways and industries are owned or dominated by a few men. The people have but an indirect share in choosing leaders or policies. The party in power has inevitably attracted to itself the vested interests, the monopolies, the conservative element, the "stand-patters." These are to-day its dominating forces. Sporadic reformers like Roosevelt and La Follette are regarded, by the bosses and plutocrats who in the Senate and elsewhere have controlled the legislation of the party, as dangerous men, their place being really with their opponents. The tremendous pressure that the few reformers are subjected to from the conservative and reactionary elements may be seen, in a minor instance, in the surrender of President Roosevelt to the land-grabbers who seized the lands of the Rosebud Sioux Indians. (See Outlook, February 27 and May 21, 1904.)

Now, Mr. Hearst, with all his faults and crudities and inconsistencies, has, as the editor of a newspaper that has an immense circulation among every-day Americans, during the last few years hammered into the heads of a vast multitude of voters the principles of New Zealand democracy. He has apparently converted them to it in part, as shown by his distancing both of the old parties in the campaign for the Mayoralty in New York City last year. That he was cheated out of the office in a manner that would have been considered outrageous if it had happened to a Republican is not the least of the reasons why he should be given the chance as Governor to influence the passage of laws which shall make the people's mandate—the very soul of the democratic system—inviolable.

With all Mr. Hearst's ambition and self-seeking and demagogism if you choose to call it such, he stands as the representative of the progressive programme of a democratic commonwealth. And with all Mr. Hughes's admirable qualities, he is by training and association a representative of the vested interests, the well-to-do classes who want no change, the kings of finance who have exploited America in a thousand ways

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and made it the land of the disinherited. Even in the single feat which has given him fame, Mr. Hughes stood as the spokesman of the well-to-do classes who can afford to pay for insurance. And his programme shows that, consciously or unconsciously, he is the representative of these classes. He stands primarily for "decent government"—an admirable thing in its way, but merely the stationary ideal of a bourgeois or a privileged class that is satisfied with an honest *laissez-faire* administration. But the times call for a man who has an aggressive programme that shall help forward the movement for the reclamation of power and wealth to the people. And that man, as between these two, is Mr. Hearst.

I make no apologies for Mr. Hearst's inconsistencies or defects. We should, however, in estimating the man, remember that all who have opposed the wealthy and privileged classes in behalf of the common people, from the time of Jesus to that of Garrison, have been abused and maligned, and that probably Mr. Hearst is not precisely the man that his opponents picture. He probably preaches better than he practices—and who does not, if he has any ideals? His manner may not be restrained in denouncing evil, but he has not as yet uttered any invective such as, "Ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" If that denunciation was justified of old, some license may be permitted in similar cases to-day. Mr. Hearst happens for the moment to be the mouthpiece of the movement for democratizing wealth and privilege. That is the secret of his power. That is the "cause of Hearst." And whether he is elected or defeated in the coming contest, his cause will ultimately triumph. It is only reasonable to suppose, however, that it would advance faster in the hands of its friends than of its foes who are compelled grudgingly to favor it. A vote for Hearst is a vote for the friend of democracy with a programme and a forward look to the time when government shall, through the people themselves, abolish white slavery, civilize the slums, take over monopolies, and give the men who do the world's work a fair share of the world's product and a fair chance for a life worth living.

HENRY HOYT MOORE.

[See editorial comment on another page.—THE EDITORS.]

THE RAILWAYS ARE HIGHWAYS

One of the first railways built was operated as a toll road. Had our railway system been developed along this line, we should not have the problems we are now trying to solve. It was necessary for the promoter of railway building, in order to inject water into his carrying corporation, to own a roadbed so that he could shut out competition and make rates to meet dividends required. The whole trouble for the public started when this monopoly was created. Is not, then, the whole problem solved when the monopoly is eliminated? and can we not do this by going back to first principles, and by so doing satisfy the capital invested in railways as well as the public? Let each State compel railway companies operating within its border to organize a holding company of ways and terminals, and then compel a consolidation of all holding companies of ways and terminals within its border, allowing said company to earn a fair rate of interest—three per cent. or four per cent. on capital invested. Let all extensions of railways be built by the State, each county or town through which said extensions are made guaranteeing to the State a net income equal to the interest on capital invested, and a portion to be set aside as a sinking fund. Ways and terminals being made public highways, free to all, with the same basis of charge, freight and passenger rates will regulate themselves by competition, and be on the same basis as any other business should be. This would certainly satisfy the bulk of the capital invested in railways, three-fourths of which capital may be said to be in ways and terminals, and one-fourth in rolling stock: why would it not be a much safer and sounder basis of organization for capital, three-fourths of the risk in railroading being in the operation of rolling stock—then why should not capital invested in rolling stock carry the risk? If the future of the railways in the country is the ownership of all electric lines, which means that our steam roads must all be equipped with electricity, will not the entire carrying business resolve itself into units of single cars whereby one or two men can operate the same? If ways and terminals become public highways, does it not mean that one or two men can own and operate a car carrying freight and passengers with a less degree of risk than a man carrying freight and passengers in automobiles over our public roads? The same solution may be applied for the correction of the evils of monopoly enjoyed by all corporations, gas, water, electric light, telegraph and telephone, enjoying exclusive privileges and rights through public highways by grant of the public.

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